

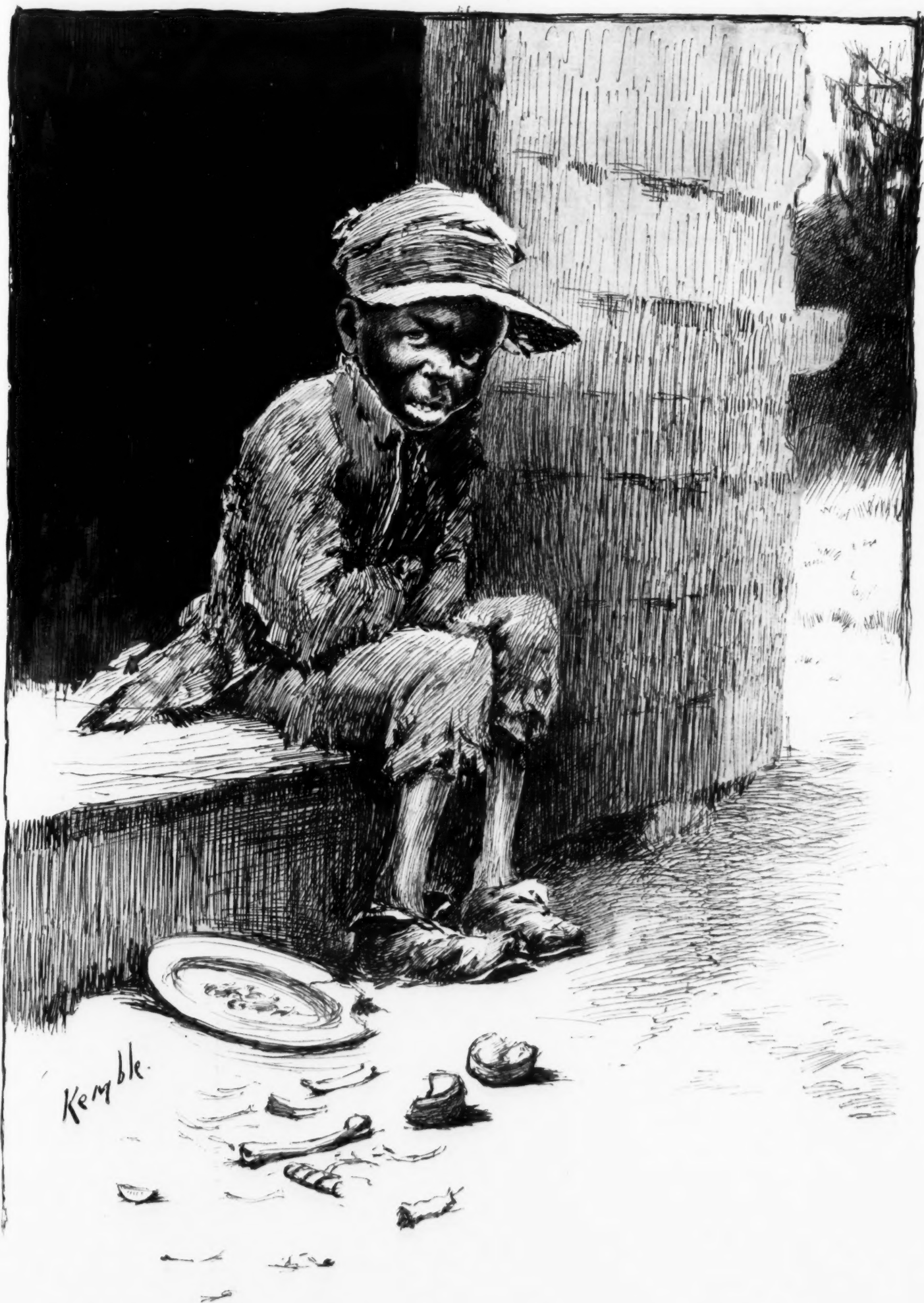
# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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GEORGE WASHINGTON POSSUM, OF POSSUMVILLE.

HE 'LL PLUCK BRIGHT HONOR FROM THE PALE-FACED MOON AND ROB THE HEN-ROOSTS FOR TEN MILES AROUND.

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## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARRELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors.  
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## The Situation in Europe.

IT is positively announced that the Sultan ordered that his troops stop fighting at the request of the Czar. In reply to the Russian request the Turkish ruler asked that the Powers intervene so as to secure to Turkey the fruits of her victorious campaign and the extension of her boundaries. The situation in Europe, therefore, seems to us to be extremely critical; more critical, indeed, than at any previous period since Greece intervened to stop the massacres of the Christians in Crete. The Powers will, without doubt, endeavor to effect a settlement by which Turkey will not gain any more European territory, for, even to the most Tory of the English journals, "the idea that Turkey shall add to her empire one inch more of European soil is intolerable." But will the Powers, without a conflict, be able to suppress the military ambition and the ardor for fighting recently kindled in Turkey? The pacific remonstrances on the part of the Powers against wholesale murder in Armenia were not effectual when Turkey seemed on the verge of bankruptcy and in danger of falling to pieces from sheer weakness. How can the Powers expect to control now, in the moment of Turkey's great triumph, without the use of force? We do not believe that they can, and we fear that so soon as force is exerted a general European war will begin. Therefore, the situation seems most critical and perilous.

## Face to Face.

A FEW years ago a legal battle between the government and a powerful corporation was begun to determine the right of ownership of a patent. The patented apparatus which was in dispute was said to be the key to the control of the telephone business of the United States. The Supreme Court recently decided against the government, and the great corporation's right to the apparatus was declared good. The decision, however, is said to be of far less importance to that corporation now than it would have been six years ago. The managers of the corporation believe that they have protected their interests by improvements of their plant. They have spent millions in perfecting their system, and claim that they have vastly increased its service and facilities, so that only at enormous expenditure could any rival seriously threaten them.

And yet, so rapid is the march of invention, it may happen that the most perfect methods for the rapid communication of intelligence in use to-day may soon become unsatisfactory, perhaps obsolete.

Some of the ablest of the world's scientists and investigators are absorbed in the problem of rapid and cheap communication, such as will bring, as the telephone does, persons who wish to communicate practically face to face, by means of the simplest and most economical apparatus.

An invention has been perfected, and may be soon adopted by the telegraph companies, which will enable persons miles apart to write to each other with electric speed and in exact fac-simile of the handwriting. They may thus talk with one another as the deaf mutes do, each sitting at his desk, although perhaps as far apart as New York and Boston.

Other inventors have perfected apparatus for sending by electricity messages with the speed and instantaneous effect of personal conversation, while in Great Britain a young Italian has demonstrated that it is possible to send a message for a distance of twenty miles, through a mountain, by means of the medium Nature herself furnishes. There are simply two instruments, the sender and the receiver, with no connecting wires, only Nature's channels conveying the message to him who awaits it.

Preece, the world-famous electrician of the British Post-office Department, indorses this discovery and invention, thus confirming the faith of Tesla that the day is not far distant when electricity may carry messages here and there the world over without the aid of wires or any other medium than that which Nature freely offers.

Should such a system be perfected so that it may be adapted to common use, as the telegraph and telephone now are, it seems inevitable that it would largely supplant these methods of communicating intelligence between two distant points. Experience would prove its economy and its accuracy. If these tests were satisfactory, the vast plants that rib the continent with wires would be mere monuments of the first attempts of modern civilization to secure communication that might, as far as possible, take the place of face-to-face conversation.

Since Morse invented his apparatus the advance has been very great; and when Bell and others, who helped to perfect his discovery, put their inventions to commercial

use it was felt that the greatest possibilities for distant communication had been reached.

Now, less than twenty years after Bell astonished the world, we find a scientist, who was an infant when the telephone was first proclaimed, sending messages accurately and instantly through rocks and hills, upon the wings of the air, to their intended destination.

## Cheap Cabs in New York.

CAB RIDING in New York has always been so expensive that none save the rich and the improvident could afford it. An ordinarily well-to-do man with a thrifty habit never thinks of taking a cab. For him the street-cars always suffice, except for a funeral or his own wedding. There has never been any good reason for this, even though New York is long and narrow and the longitudinal distances very great. It must be a better business to carry many passengers at reasonable fares than very few at exorbitant rates. As things now are, the cabs are on their stands the greater part of the time—the horses idle, the drivers loafing.

But there is likely to be a change very soon. The Pennsylvania Railroad has introduced a cheap-cab service from its ferries to the homes and hotels of passengers at the reasonable rate of twenty-five cents for one mile and a half. This enterprising company long ago did a similar service for the people of Philadelphia, in which town it is now possible to hire a cab almost as cheaply as in London. The Long Island Railroad also maintains a cheap-cab service from its Thirty-fourth Street ferry. The New York Central is not in the habit of imitating either the Long Island or the Pennsylvania road, but there is a chance now for this company to go one or two better by supplying a more varied cab service than either of the others. Should it do so, the cab question in New York would soon be settled.

To settle the question so that the cabs would be busy all the time would really be a good thing for cab-owners as well as for the people. In London and Paris one takes a cab as a matter of course, and without counting the cost. But in the end one spends much more in cabs in either of those capitals than in New York. If the cab-owners in New York would realize, what enterprising business men all the world over long ago learned, that large sales and small profits lead to the quickest wealth, they would respond wisely and so make it unnecessary for the railway companies to continue in the cab business.

## The Washington Monument in Philadelphia.

NEARLY three generations have passed away since the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati concluded to erect in Philadelphia a worthy monument to the first president of that society and the first President of the United States. With imposing ceremonies, participated in by the President of the United States and the Governors of the adjacent States, the monument was recently unveiled and transferred to the keeping of the city government.

Considering the patriotic services that this monument is intended to commemorate, and the reverence of later generations for the loyal labors of our greatest man, it would be much pleasanter to be able to speak in praise of the monument as a work of art. But, alas! this cannot be done. And because of the great advertisement the monument received by the splendid civic display on the day of its dedication, it would be wrong not to speak of the thing, as a work of art, in entire candor, for there is an obligation upon us to assist in preserving the high artistic standard recently set up in this country.

Looking, therefore, at the monument as a work of art, it must be said that, notwithstanding its imposing size and its beautiful location above the Schuylkill, it is sadly disappointing. To begin with, it is fearfully German; that is to say, it is heavy, ungraceful, overloaded with ornaments, and entirely lacking in simplicity and grandeur. It has the advantage of great size, and is therefore imposing, but much of this quality is lost because the color of the dark polished stone and the new bronze of the figures do not hold together. The buffalo and other creatures at the base are in an older theatrical fashion, and make one shudder when he thinks of Barye. The colossal Indian is Michael Angelesque, and therefore wholly unreal. The group on the face is colossal, but formal and hard to understand. The Washington has been said to be a copy of the Frederick the Great statue in Berlin, and it certainly has reminiscences of it even in Washington's figure. Considering that Frederick and Washington were wholly different in build and nature, this is a bad defect. The head of Washington cannot be seen from the front because of the enormous head of the horse, which obscures everything beyond it. In brief, the whole thing reminds one of a decorative magazine-cover of a German periodical, which at a single glance looks rich and handsome, but upon analysis proves to be very bad.

Had the making of the design for this monument been delayed until now, and had it been confided to Americans, Philadelphia would have had, in all probability, a monument worthy of her beautiful park and worthy of the greatest American soldier and statesman.

On Decoration Day, at West Point, was unveiled a mon-

ument to West Point officers who fell during the war. There is a picture of this monument on another page. Here is something simple and satisfactory. It is the work of Americans; it cost less than one-fourth what the ponderous structure in Philadelphia cost. And yet one is good and the other bad; one will always inspire admiration, and the other only toleration at best.

With these two examples in mind we feel quite sure that the safest course for committees intrusted with the erection of patriotic memorials is to consult American artists and American architects, for they will not find abler men in any part of the world.

## Morals and Mammon.

THE new Bank of Commerce building, at Nassau and Cedar streets, in the heart of down-town Plutocratic New York, is an up-to-date structure, according to the latest approved ideas of architecture and ornamentation. As such, its main doorway is adorned with two sculptured figures of heroic size, representing Commerce and Mercury. Mercury is all right, as from time immemorial his costume has consisted of a winged cap, and nothing else. As to Commerce, whatever her proper garb may be according to the idea of our bankers and brokers, it was not that in which she faced the cold world at Nassau and Cedar streets. When the board screens were first taken down, Commerce was revealed as a mighty buxom young lady, *décolleté*, so to speak, at both ends of her exceedingly diaphanous costume. It was a great shock to that highly respectable neighborhood. Middle-aged brokers passed by on the other side of the street, or went a block out of their way to avoid the spectacle. The younger members of the stock-exchange appeared on the floor with crimson blushes mantling their cheeks. Even the most brazen financiers of Wall Street declared that, while they didn't mind the thing so much themselves, they feared it would offend the numerous pretty typewriter girls, millionaire widows, and comic-opera soubrettes who frequently stray into the locality. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was chivalrous enough to champion the defenseless female figure on artistic grounds; yet even he was compelled to admit that, judging from its contours, his recent endowment of a hospital for special cases had been a timely benefaction.

To the credit of Wall-Street morality be it said that this outspoken protest proved effective. The audacious piece of sculpture was boarded up again, and for two weeks the stone-cutters' chisels were heard behind the screen, chipping away on behalf of modesty. The result, as now shown, is a chastened and subdued Commerce, which could not offend even the most bashful member of a bond syndicate or sugar trust, and which, artistically, meets the cordial approval of the distinguished critics, financiers, and publishers who met last winter at a famous dinner in Fifth Avenue.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—As a result of the coming to New York of Henry Marion Howe, the new professor of metallurgy in Columbia College, this city now contains two of the very few Americans who have been honored with the Bessemer medal of the British Iron and Steel Institute, the other being ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt. Professor Howe lacks a few months of being fifty, and for nearly half of his life he has had an international reputation as an authority on steel. He is the son of Julia Ward Howe, and the "Marion" in his name shows his kinship to his bookmaker relative, F. Marion Crawford. Professor Howe is as strong an addition socially as intellectually to Columbia College.

—Mr. Robert Grant, who is known as Judge Grant in Boston, has achieved eminence and prosperity in two distinct avocations—literature and the law. He is a legal light on Beacon Hill, a bookman and magazine star to the outside English-speaking world. There is a long catalogue of clever work between "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl"—his first hit with the reading public—and his latest social satire. Judge Grant is a son of the late Patrick Grant, and belongs to the exclusive set of Boston, being connected by marriage with some of the oldest families of that city. His aunt was Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis and he is a cousin of the late Allen Thorndyke Rice. He is married to a daughter of Sir Henry Gault, of Canada, lives in Marlborough Street, and has an interesting family.

—We surely have a democracy of letters when a humble negro, who only a few months ago was an elevator-boy in an Ohio town, can be found living well on the proceeds of his literary work, and poetry at that, to say nothing of dining with the Savage Club of London, meeting all the celebrities in art and music and literature in that metropolis, and writing to an American metropolitan newspaper correspondence which the editor deems worthy of a place on the editorial page. It is certainly conducive to reflection to contemplate Paul Dunbar as he is to-day and

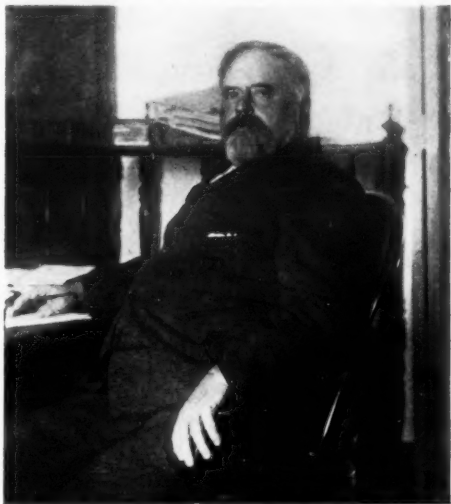


MR. ROBERT GRANT.



contrast him with what he was two years ago. As for his correspondence, it is neither better nor worse than that which other ephemeral literary men have sent us from London, but it is surprisingly good when considered with regard to the writer's limitations. Dunbar expresses surprise at the attention his black skin attracts in London, where he had been led to expect that it would excite no remark. He finds, among other things in England unworthy of commendation, that the London dailies are "a delusion and a snare," which is an interesting compliment by implication to the plate-matter journals of his native Ohio town.

"The right man in the right place"—such might be the fitting title of the picture herewith reproduced, which shows General Fitzhugh Lee, the United States consul-general to Cuba, at his desk in the consulate in Havana. This photographic snapshot was made by Mr. Thomas R. Dawley, Jr., the most adventurous and successful of newspaper correspondents in Cuba, and whose work is familiar to readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. Gen-



GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

eral Lee's recent report to the State Department, upon the situation of affairs in Cuba, seems to have shown convincingly that the insurgents are stronger and more hopeful than ever, and that Spanish claims of "pacification" are false. The importance of these and other statements by General Lee, supplemented by cable communications from other American consuls on the island, was sufficient to inspire President McKinley's special message to Congress, recommending prompt measures for the relief of suffering American citizens in the war-devastated provinces.

—To Miss Katharine Oliver, an American, belongs the distinction of having succeeded in one of the most difficult lines of delineation—that of interpreting the Scottish character and dialect to the critical satisfaction of the Scotsmen themselves. Admirers of Ian Maclaren, Barrie, and Crockett may be interested to know that Miss Oliver has read extracts from their writings to the distinguished authors at their homes across the water, and that in each instance her interpretation was pronounced above criticism, except of the most flattering description, and the dialect faultless. Dr. Watson paid her the tribute of a furtive tear at the rendering of the death-bed scene of the parish doctor from "Beside the Bonnie Brier-bush"; and Crockett declared, after listening to a selection from "The Play Actress": "Why, I didn't know I had written anything as good as that," adding, "I must read the story through again." Miss Oliver was not content until she had visited the places made famous by Maclaren and Barrie—"Drumtochty" (Logiealmond), and "Thrums" (Kirkmuir). At both places she gave public recitals, which were enthusiastically received. She gave drawing-room recitals in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London. Her reception in New York has been equally flattering.

—Mr. Horace B. Silliman, of Cohoes, New York, is not so often seen "in the papers" as some other sons of the Empire State who have perhaps less modesty and less worth. The occasion of Mr. Silliman's present unsought publicity is his gift to his native town of the beautiful Memorial (First Presbyterian) Church, erected by him "in loving memory of his parents, Levi and Clarissa Silliman," who were among the founders of the organization, in connection with the Troy Presbytery, more than half a century ago. Mrs. H. B. Silliman was the first teacher of the primary department of the Sunday-school, and served thirty years; while her husband has served thirty-eight years as superintendent. The new Memorial Church is an exceptionally handsome structure of bluestone, in the modern Gothic style of architecture. With the adjoining chapel, church-house, and "manse," it makes a picturesquely harmonious group, adding a permanent adornment to Cohoes, the prettiest town of the upper Hudson valley.

—The New Orleans friends of Stephen R. Mallory, the new Senator from Florida, say that he is a direct descendant of the Sir Thomas Mallory who compiled the "Morte d'Arthur" for



MR. HORACE B. SILLIMAN.

English readers, and this is a pedigree that it requires an able man to live up to. Mr. Mallory has always been credited with unusual ability, especially in the law, in which he had made a name when most new members of the Bar were floundering around for a place to begin. He is now a few months under fifty, in the prime of mind and body. The one element of romance in his career was his brief connection with the Confederacy as midshipman at the time when his father was Secretary of the Navy of the seceding States.

—The time has passed when a man can be all a poet. Poems are read nowadays, but the public will not pay for them as they



MR. HARRISON S. MORRIS.

did in a golden age now passed away. Happy, therefore, is the poet who can find an occupation that is congenial and at the same time akin to the art which he himself cultivates. Prominent among these happy fortunates is Mr. Harrison S. Morris, of Philadelphia, poet by taste and habit, managing director of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts by way of serious occupation. Though poet to the finger-tips, as Mr. Morris showed in a recent collection of his pieces, he is at the same time an accomplished and zealous man of affairs. This he shows, year by year, in his direction of the academy. The exhibitions of the academy Mr. Morris directs improve each season, and if not the most notable held in America, they are certainly not inferior in interest or quality to any others. It is, as we understand it, Mr. Morris who has kept this eldest of American art societies up to the high modern mark, and he deserves great credit for the achievement. Among the members of the Browning and contemporary clubs of Philadelphia Mr. Morris is a personage of distinction, just as he would be in Boston, New York, or London, were he not so fortunate as to be more at home in home-like and charming Philadelphia.

—The present House of Representatives is not rich in veterans. One of them is Captain D. W. Mills, a wealthy Chicagoan, who undertook a share in the support of his mother at



CAPTAIN D. W. MILLS.

eight years of age, and who has built up a fortune through his own exertions. Captain Mills is an Ohioan. His mother, when a baby, was a captive in the hands of Indians for some time at a place not far from the site of Cincinnati. Captain Mills was a farmer-boy, and he picked up his education in the winter season. When he was eighteen he went into a mercantile establishment, and a little later he started in business for himself at Corwin, Ohio. He went to Chicago at the close of the war and made money, first in lake shipping, and later in real-estate investments. He changed three thousand votes in his campaign for the House, making the four thousand Democratic majority of 1894 two thousand Republican majority in 1896.

—From the beginning of hostilities in Thessaly to the close the Turkish commander, Edhem Pasha, appears to have been master



EDHEM PASHA, THE TURKISH COMMANDER.

of the situation, not only by reason of the superiority of his force, but because he knew how to handle his army and take advantage of the mistakes and the weakness of his adversary. Indeed, this campaign, from a military point of view was a fine achievement. In a country upon which his army could not subsist, far from his source of supplies, and with the port through which those supplies must come at the mercy of the Greek fleet, if that fleet had been commanded by an enterprising and courageous officer, Edhem and his army were in danger in Thessaly, notwithstanding the weakness of the Greeks confronting them. Safety could be secured by celerity alone, and Edhem, seeing this, struck blow after blow so quickly that resistance vanished

in a few brief weeks. This is the great reputation that has been made in this short war. It is not at all improbable that his skill will soon be put to the touch against more formidable adversaries than those he has just overwhelmed by superior force and outmaneuvered by superior skill.

—Viola Allen is one of the few actresses to whom the compliment can be paid of saying that they are prettier off the stage than on. She dresses very modestly, though her salary is of the same size as that which Uncle Sam pays his ambassadors, and her inclination runs to tailor-made gowns. Miss Allen is one of the most domestic of actresses, and next to the creation of a popular rôle in a new play she takes most pride in her handsomely appointed house in West Ninety-third Street.

—While in England they have been questioning the soundness of the theology of Ian Maclaren, the pioneer of our Scotch visitors, the latest of them, Dr. John McNeill, has been dispensing in New York a brand of theology which, if neither new kirk nor old, has been potent to attract many auditors to Carnegie and Chickering halls, some of them most distinguished ones. Dr. McNeill has not given any striking proof of originality of thought in religious matters, but by stating sound old truths in a convincing and emphatic way, and by investing certain phases of the commonplace in a robe of rich rhetoric, he has held his hearers very closely. He is fervid and fiery and earnest in his discourse, accompanying Calvin with calisthenics, as it were, and he has pounded his religion in to stick.

## Joaquin Miller and Yone Naguchi.



JOAQUIN MILLER.

his own predilection, and Walt Whitman under the guidance of his preceptor, then produced a volume of his own as a result of the combination. It is a strange, chaotic mass, with here and there a vein of genius running through it—the sort of thing that makes a few extravagant partisans, and a host of uncompromising enemies, with whom nothing can atone for outraged prejudices and overturned conventionalities. The one really important thing about Yone Naguchi is that, with all his youth, immaturity, and wildness, his work shows unmistakable evidences of native genius. At the present stage of his development, such a trifle as "plagiarism" from Poe is of no account. According to some of our most eminently respectable literary and magazine hacks, Poe himself plagiarized all his best things, and was injudicious enough to steal from such an obscure scribbler as Chivers, of Georgia, who is notoriously unreadable.



YONE NAGUCHI.

## Judge's Picture Puzzles.

This paper has arranged with the Judge Publishing Company that the readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* shall participate in the sport and the profit of the contest to solve the picture puzzles now being formulated by our gay and highly-colored contemporary. We refer our readers to the advertisement on another page, and we print here one of the easiest of all the puzzles, with the solution to it. This particular puzzle may be very easy indeed, but that does not argue that all of them are easy. Some will be found difficult enough to tax the intellectual ingenuity of a veritable Smart Aleck. But we beg that the adventuresome of our readers will turn to the advertisement and then remember that the page of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* with blanks filled in will be counted in the contest just as though it were a page of *Judge*. We are willing to wager a red apple against a golden eagle that *LESLIE* readers will carry off half the prizes, at least. Each mail is bringing in thousands of responses, so we beg that our readers will rub up their ingenuity and not be laggards in this interesting race.



9.—READING.



## Theatrical Kaleidoscope.



ISABEL IRVING IN "NEVER AGAIN."  
Photograph by Pach.



MADELINE MARSHALL AND KITTY NELSON, AT KOSTER  
& BIAL'S.



MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY, AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERIOUS MR.  
BUGLE," "CHRISTOPHER, JR.," ETC.  
Photograph by Falk.

MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY would probably object to being called the new-woman dramatist; and yet such a characterization, applied in honest intent of praise, seems justly her due. Only a few years ago she was Madeleine Lucette, comic-opera comedienne—and a very successful artiste in that line, too. Since then she has weathered a boisterous apprenticeship in dramatic writing, and now she emphatically "arrives." Her "Mysterious Mr. Bugle" is still running briskly at the Lyceum Theatre in New York, while Mrs. Ryley is personally superintending a London production of the same piece.

William Gillette, under Charles Frohman's management, has scored brilliantly in London, both as author and actor, in his American war play, "Secret Service," which was a prominent feature of the past season in New York and Boston. It is a typical Gillette play—the quick, powerful situation, with a war background but no battle on the stage, and a sentimental-comedy underplot deftly interwoven. An advance agent had explained the jokes to the British public.

Agnes Booth, Edward Harrigan, and Maurice Barrymore have taken the vaudeville tide at its flood, and are each doing "turns," or little plays in one desperate act, at the endless-chain theatres. So is Clara Morris.

Laura Burt, late of "Old Kentucky," achieved a personal success as *Iza*, in "The Widow Goldstein," a dramatic puzzle which the public had to give up.

Yvonne de Treville, an ambitious young artist who sings delightfully, was one of the all-star cast of "1900" in Philadelphia.



Maurice Barrymore.—Photograph by Falk.



Agnes Booth.—Photograph by Falk.

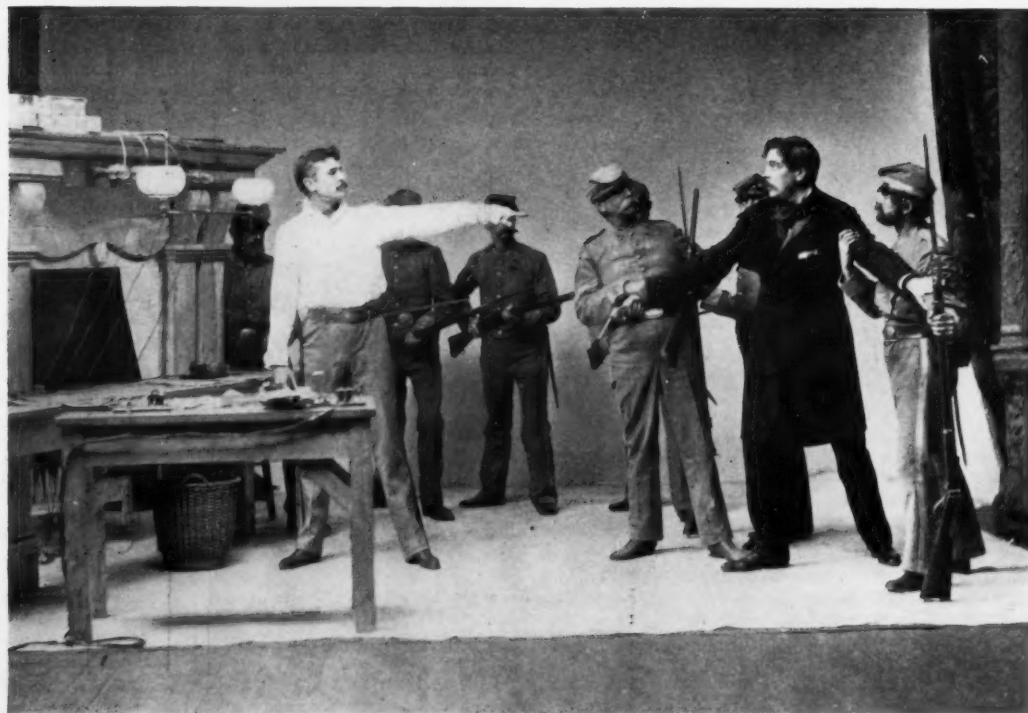


Edward Harrigan.—Photograph by Schloss.



LAURA BURT, AS "IZA," IN "THE  
WIDOW GOLDSTEIN."

THREE "LEGITIMATE" CELEBRITIES WHO ARE ELEVATING THE VAUDEVILLES.



WILLIAM GILLETTE, AMERICAN DRAMATIST AND ACTOR, IN HIS WAR DRAMA, "SECRET SERVICE," WHICH HAS  
WON A TRIUMPH IN LONDON.  
Photograph by Pach.



YVONNE DE TRÉVILLE, COMIC-OPERA PRIMA-DONNA.



# CLIMBING MOUNT ST. ELIAS.

THIS great peak is again coming into general notice from the fact that two expeditions are fitting out for the purpose of climbing it this summer. Mr. Henry G. Bryant, of Philadelphia, is at the head of one, while Prince Luigi, of Italy, and Signor Vittorio Sella, the latter a member of the English Alpine Club and a very successful amateur photographer, are the leading members of the other. Mt. St. Elias is one of the most interesting peaks in existence. It measures over eighteen thousand feet in height, and while higher mountains are found elsewhere, it is doubtful whether any other presents a more imposing appearance. It is situated so near the coast that it may be seen throughout its whole height from the Pacific Ocean, while most other great mountains are seen from considerable elevations. Then, too, perpetual snow descends almost to the base of the mountain, which is about two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the southerly base is surrounded by great glaciers thirty to sixty miles in length, which do not terminate till they reach the ocean. Eighteen thousand feet of almost uninterrupted ice and snow may thus be seen on this

in the art of climbing difficult rocks and ice-slopes with heavy loads on their backs. Such men are rare outside of Switzerland. Our expedition had enough able men to assist in packing over glaciers, but when actual climbing on the mountain began, all but the Tophams and the writer remained behind. The fact is that, notwithstanding we had made preparations on a very liberal scale, we had, in the absence of all definite information concerning the mountain, underestimated the magnitude of our task.

The third and fourth expeditions occurred in 1890 and 1891, and were led by Mr. I. C. Russell, then of the United States Geological Survey, now of Ann Arbor University. Mr. Russell attacked the mountain from the east. The route thus taken was less direct than ours, and involved a longer journey over snow, but it probably constitutes an easier means of access, for the slopes to be climbed are more gradual and appear to be covered with less ice than those on the southerly side. In 1890 Mr. Russell reached a height of about nine thousand feet, and a year later climbed to a point fourteen thousand five hundred feet above

the sea-level. He thus, at the present time, holds the record. In addition, he discovered and named Mt. Logan, a very high peak situated back of Mt. St. Elias, explored the coast through-out a distance of some fifty miles, studied the glaciers from a scientific point of view, and in many other ways added valuable information to the knowledge of those regions.

Can the expeditions of 1897 expect to have better luck than their predecessors? I think they may, if they have been planned with a full realization of the difficulties to be overcome before the base of the mountain is reached. Unless a government vessel be placed at one's disposal it is not easy to get from Sitka to that part of the coast where the mountain lies. We were obliged to proceed three hundred miles with great discomfort in a very indifferent coasting schooner, and then sixty miles (Yakutat to Icy Bay) in sea-going canoes. If weather and wind be favorable, the sail may be quite enjoyable. Paddling sixty miles, however, with an ocean swell, in heavily-laden canoes, is less so. The coast is lined with glaciers, and the temperature of the water so low that one could not live in it long. Finally, the landing at Icy Bay must generally be effected through the surf. This is most exciting work, but that it is not without danger is shown by the fact that in attempting it the second Russell expedition lost six lives. Many other obstacles have to be overcome and problems solved before real climbing can begin, amongst them the frequent wading of glacier streams, sometimes five feet deep, and the cutting of trails through alder-brush and other vegetable growths, with which the borders of the glacier are covered near the sea; for in this interesting region whole forests grow on the glacier, as appears from one of the illustrations.

It is reported that one of the expeditions will have at its command Alpine guides. These cannot fail to be of assistance when the icy slopes of the mountain have once been reached. Assuming that this be accomplished and a proper base camp established at a sufficient altitude, there is no apparent reason why, with favorable weather, the mountain should not be climbed. If it were surrounded with the climbing facilities that exist in

Switzerland its summit would undoubtedly be reached within a season; for, standing alone, they do not appear insurmountable. But when there are added the difficulties of approach herebefore referred to, the problem of the ascent becomes a difficult one, and it should not be entered upon lightly.

I am sure the members of the new expedition have the best wishes of all those who have preceded them to the wild and desolate region for which they are bound; and while all Americans must hope that our enterprising countryman, Mr. Bryant, will reach the top ahead of the Italians, yet if the latter are in the end the victors, none of us will begrudge them the honor they have come so far to seek.

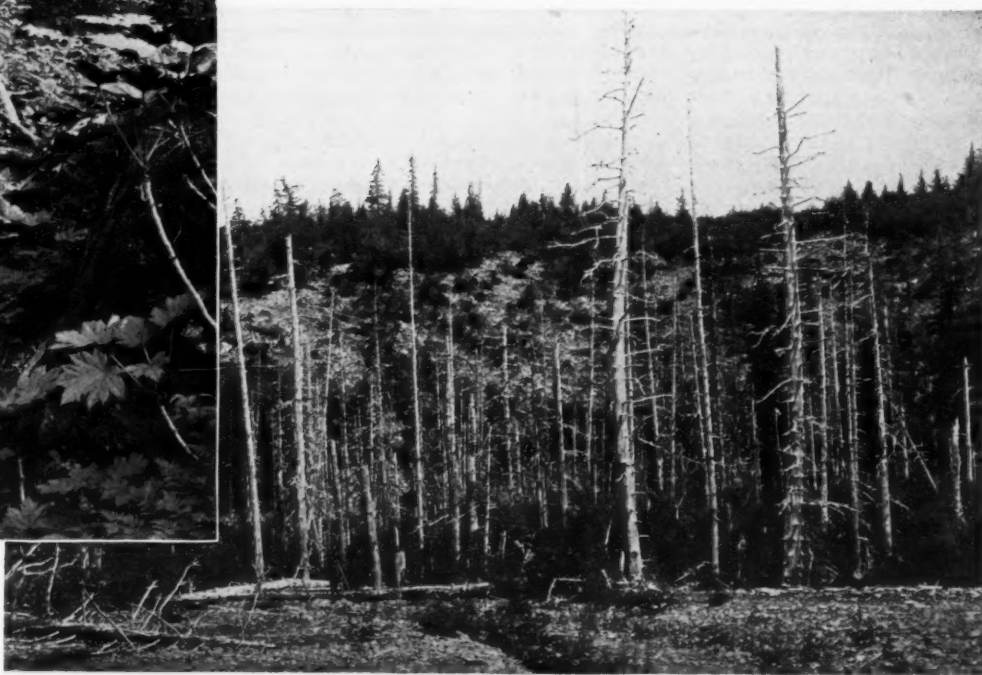
WILLIAM WILLIAMS.



ALDER-BRUSH THICKET GROWING ON GLACIER.  
Photograph by I. C. Russell.



MR. HENRY G. BRYANT.



FOREST GROWING ON GLACIER.—Photograph by I. C. Russell.

peak, or ten thousand more than are seen on Mont Blanc, with a height of nearly sixteen thousand feet.

Four expeditions have thus far attempted to reach its summit, but all have failed. To the New York Times is due the credit of sending out the first one, in 1886. Lieutenant Schwatka, Professor Libbey, of Princeton, and Mr. Seton-Karr, of England, were in the party. Nine days were spent inland, but the difficulties of approach were such that in this short time it was found impossible to reach the foot of the mountain, although some interesting explorations were made in its neighborhood and some adjoining hills climbed. This pioneer expedition was soon followed by others. In 1888 Messrs. Topham, of London, and the writer undertook the second trip into these regions. We reached the foot of the mountain after fifteen days of tedious walking and climbing, camped five nights at the base of the mountain, and on the third attempt to force our way up it, succeeded in reaching a height of eleven thousand four hundred feet on the south-westerly side. We spent twenty-five days inland. The ascent could not have been completed without establishing a base camp, with blankets, cooking-apparatus and supplies, at the highest point reached, and this was impossible without the aid of packers trained



MOUNT ST. ELIAS, ALASKA.—Photograph by I. C. Russell.



# A PRAIRIE TYPE.

By SALLIE F. TOLER.

A HOT July afternoon, murmurous with a dreamy song of flies buzzing their discontent outside the screened windows and doors. Away, across the undulating distance, shines and glimmers the Little Arkansas, like a trembling silver ribbon. Near by, the wind, tired with its constant flight, tries now and then to raise its lazy wings, but raises only clouds of heavy fragrance, whose sweet breath so intoxicates it that it sinks lazily back into the alfalfa bloom and stirs no more.

The few cottonwoods that skirt the nearest section-line cast a grudging shade where the horses collect to stamp themselves into a drier heat with fighting the cruel flies.

I sit inside the sod "ranch-house," too languid for pencil or book, gazing at this realistic picture of summer, and thankful that the blazing heat promises protection from neighborhood intrusion.

But I am too sanguine. Down the glaring, chrome-yellow road there comes a tall figure clad in a limp calico dress, with a slatless sun-bonnet flapping over the face. The quivering heat-waves that rise between my eyes and the figure give it a grotesque, inexact wriggle. I recognize my nearest neighbor, Mrs. "Ellinory" Gibson.

Mrs. Gibson and her husband, "Hank," had, several months before this, joined the eager throng of home-seekers who went down into the Territory to take possession of the land thrown open to the public by the government. A motley crowd, hot with the rage for possession, had camped for weeks in the environs of our ranch, adding to its number day by day, until an army of thousands took up its march for the "line."

The Gibsons, husband and wife, and two nearly-grown sons, known as "the chillun," were renters. They had become infected with the enthusiasm of the waiting crowd, and the flattering prospect of owning their own "quarter" in a new country had tempted them, illy fitted as they were to compete in the rush, to try their luck with the others. Mrs. Gibson's appearance on this hot afternoon was the first intimation I had received of their return.

"Howdy, Mis' Eames; howdy?" Mrs. Gibson's hand-shake was as unique as herself; there was a hearty grasp and a jerk, much as one would crack a whip. "I knowed you'd be surprised to see me. I told Hank, jes' 's soon as I got a mite fixed up I was comin' up to set in one o' your rockin'-cheers and git a good rest."

"Yessum, we air back, an' I wisht to the lan' we'd a neveh went; though I dunno but what the expe'ience is wuth somethin'. Ef expe'ience was wuth all it's cracked up to be we oder be rich, Hank an' me, fer we been a-havin' of nothin' else."

Mrs. Gibson seated herself as she spoke in one of the afore-said rocking-chairs, and settled the three divisions of her false teeth firmly in her mouth to enable her to discourse more freely. Her "upper set" had been unfortunately broken in three pieces, and as it was a peculiarity of the Gibsons to postpone repairs of all kinds, they did duty still, in a disjointed sort of way that was amusing to watch. She had a trick of shutting her jaws together with a snap to steady the refractory molars whenever she took a fresh start in the quaint monologue which furnished high entertainment for everybody on the ranch.

Since the accident to the "upper set" the monologue was characterized by a close accent which was a trifle foreign, but which did not disguise the North C'liny dialect, curiously mixed and tempered by a mingling with the cosmopolitan element of the Western prairies. Added to this, she was imitative, and adopted indiscriminately the stable slang she heard, adding it to her vocabulary with as much pride as if it were legitimate language.

She was a faded, slightly bent woman of forty-three, with a chronic "mis'ry" in some organ or another. She boasted proudly to me that she had tried "ever" sort of patent medicine in the almanacs. One of the men from the stables gave Hank, one day, a bottle of "leg-wash" for a sprain. Mrs. Gibson argued, from its strong flavor of assafoetida, that it promised well for a "mis'ry in her chist" and ventured an inward dose. She admitted to me afterwards that it was "rather raspin'," but that it "p'intedly did help her chist."

"But I do say Mis' Eames, some of the doin's and cyarryin' on I've saw sence I been gone was jes' plum redic'us."

"First place, tain't no fool of a ja'nt, fer a person as porely as me, to camp out 'long o' five thousand people, like we all 's obleeged to do fer five days, a-waitin' to rigister, all jammed up together, pullin' an' haulin' to git the best place. They's five thousand people a-waitin' at the line, ef they's a mortal soul, to start at the first pop o' the gun."

"The night afore the run, they layed about in the sand like dead-ripe apples atter a wind."

"A hot wind, 'at looked like it had mistook Aprile fer August, was a-blowin' frum the south, an' the dust was so thick you could scarcely see the full moon. Some of 'em was packed like crackers in a box, an' the sand a-blowin' kivered 'em in like a blanket. Ye see, none of 'em wanted to lose the'r places. An' nary a drop o' water fer less'n a nickle a cup full. Some was a-cussin' an' a-swearin' an' wishin' they'd a stayed in Missouri, whar good lan' is cheap an' plenty. One feller 'lowed ef he didn't have more lan' 'an what he occerped that night, atter he's dead, he 'lowed he'd be consider'ble cramped, he would."

"Well, day broke at last, an' ever'body 'peared to pearten up some, though the wind looked like it was jes' tryin' itself, an' blowed harder'n eveh. But all of 'em got th'ough rigisterin' an' turned to at fixin' up the'r critters an' rigs. An' all the kinds o' rigs you eveh heard of was in the percession. Me an' Hank, we had ole Jule an' the break-cyart."

"Old Jule?" I said, inquiringly.

"Laws! hain't I neveh told you about ole Jule? She's one o' the mules, the pair o' mules pappy give me an' Hank when we's married. She is nigh onto eighteen year ole now, an' right peart yit."

"And you and your husband went down to make the run

into the Territory, where so much depended on speed, with a superannuated old mule that has been worked hard for fifteen years?"

Mrs. Gibson puckered her lips into an enigmatical smile and clamped the "upper set" into position again.

"Hank, he ain't neveh hu't hisself with wuhk yit, ner none of his critters, neither. I reckon ole Jule ain't in it, long of a race, like some o' these 'ere fast horses what you all raise, but she ain't no slouch at a steady trot."

"But we was there, with ole Jule an' the break-cyart, as I was tellin' of ye. The sojers was to fire a cannon at smack twelve o'clock, so 's to let folks know when to go. People was drawn up, with the'r critters' no es to the line, stretched out as fur as ye could see, fer an hour or two before the time. Men an' women. Ther' was a young woman on a bike, right next to Hank an' me, 't we'd got acquainted with. She had one of these here can-tins full o' water strapped across her back, an' a blanket with some bread rolled up in it, an' a stake to drive in the ground the minit she got a claim, fastened to her bike."

"She'd left her baby with the hotel-keeper's wife at Cal'well, an' was goin' to try fer a quarter-section. I asked her if her husband was dead, but she jes' looked kind o' far away an' said he was dead to her. Hank an' me was sorry fer her, an' 'lowed to kind o' look out fer her all we could."

"Well, thar that crowd stood an' waited, an' atter what 'peared to be foreveh an' a day the cannon boomed."

"Lord, Mis' Eames! nobody 'at wa'n't there hain't no idee what a sear that was. Looked like eveh one o' them five thousand people yelled at onct, an' started, pell-mell, hell an' yander, as the sayin' is. Ole Jule, she took out lickety-cut, as brigity as any of 'em, Hank a-holdin' on to the lines an' me a-holdin' on to Hank. I mind o' glimsin' the sun, while we's a-tearin' along, shinin' like a gret ball o' red fire th'ough the smoky air, an' thinkin' of a bloody battle-field, or jedgment day, or ole Brother Watkins a-rollin' out the words about the sun a-turnin' black an' the moon a-turnin' to blood."

"Fer a while I couldn't think o' nothin' much but holdin' on; but I saw a man's wheel come off, an' he rolled out, an' the others neveh stopped—couldn't stop—but jes' tore on, a-crushin' the life outen him with horses an' wheels. I tell ye, it was jes' plum redic'us."

"Atter a while, when we's out about twelve mile, an' a-goin' a mite slower, we got cut out from the main crowd. Ye see, most of 'em wanted to strike out fer the town side, but me an' Hank, we wanted a quarter."

"I'm a-makin' fer that little bunch o' black-jacks," says Hank to me, 'yander to the left;' an' jes' then that young woman passed us on her bike."

"We'll be neighbors, Mis' Gibson," she hollered; an' sure 'nuff, we passed her after she'd stopped an' dru'v down her stake an' got a quarter, a half a mile fuder on."

"I neveh see Hank so fired up. You know how mortal slow he is. He jes' th'owed hisself outen that cyart, an' grabbed our stake an' driv it down like he was goin' to drive it plum to Tophet."

"Hoopee!" he hollered, 'I've got some land o' my own. No more rentin' fer me, an' no more thirds o' my crap goin' to the landlord.' An' he hollered agin like all possessed."

"You better be a-lookin' atter ole Jule," I says, 'er you won't have no critter to make a crap with.' An' the pore ole thing looked like she was clean beat out—her sides thumped like forty."

"We took an' sponged her mouth out, like Hank see them swipes at you all's ranch do when you been a-racin' of yer hosses, an' we th'owed a quilt over her an' walked her around slow, to cool her out."

"An', tired an' excited like I was, I laughed so at the sight of our ole Jule with her head a-hangin' down to the ground, her ears a-floppin' oveh her eyes, an' my ole log-cabin on her back, an' not even ambishun enuff to swish her tail, 't I plum fergot an' snorted my store teeth right out there on the prairie."

"Atter a spell I left Hank on our quarter an' walked back to see how our young woman was a-comin' on."

"She was a-pilin' up grass an' tum'le-weed to spread her blanket on fer a bed. Fer mind ye, we all was obleeged to sleep right out o' doors thar on the prairie. I wanted her to come oveh an' camp long o' Hank an' me; but she was mortal 'fraid somebody 'd git her claim."

"No," she says, 'I've risked too much; here I'm goin' to stay until I'm entered. Ef your husband will enter my quarter long o' his'n when he goes to Perry to-morrow, then I'll feel safe, an' know that my boy'll have somethin' in spite of 'em.'

"An' then she told me she was married to a rich man's son in Chicago, 't wa'n't of age yit. An' his folks was so mad at him fer marryin' of her 't they'd sot him agin her, and was tryin' to make a divorce an' git the baby."

"I declar' it was jes' like a story outen the *Fireside* an' *Herth*, only a mortal sight curiouse, an' I been a readin' the *Fireside* an' *Herth* goin' on five year. Pears like me an' Hank got so used to it we couldn't do without it no ways."

"Ye see, tain't likely me an' Hank'll eveh see any o' them sure-nuff lords an' ladies, an' it's some sort o' comfort to read about 'em; though looks like some of 'em jes' 'bout as ornery as they make 'em. So I left her there a-fixin' fer the night an' went back to Hank. We set about makin' us a shelter, too, though it didn't look like it eveh would rain er the wind stop a-blowin'. My eyes was nearly plum put out with the sand an' the smoke from burnin' grass, whar the \*'sooners' set the prairie afire. I'd fetched a tin bucket an' some coffee, an' we had kerried a kag o' water Hank paid a dollar fer at Cal'well. You bet that coffee did smell good. Hank is jes' that onreasonable, he'd 'a' chawed the rag ef it hadn't been as good as it was at home. Me'n Hank have had more fussin' 'bout that one thing than anythin' else. I tell him it hurts a woman's feelin's, when she's tried an' tried to make a man comfortable, to have him

\* Persons who went into the lands before the allotted time.

jes' jaw right out before folks ef ever'thing ain't jes' so. But Hank, he says a woman keeps her feelin' layin' 'round half the time on the floor, like a cat's tail, fer somebody to tromp on."

"Well, the sun was jes' goin' down, an' we was a-gittin' sot down, when—*spang!* somethin' whistled clost to my ear."

"'Sooners!' hollered Hank. Lay down, Ellinory; lay down! they're a shootin' at us.' An' then I see a little puff o' smoke outen a holler down below us, an' I heard another *spang!* You bet I did lay down, an' ef you'll believe me, we didn't dast to raise our heads agin till dark. It was jes' plum redic'us, an' all that good coffee a-b'ilin' over on the grass."

"When it got good dark we crawled down offen the little rise we was on, to whar we had tethered ole Jule, a-draggin' our quilts atter us, an' there we layed all night till plum day, a-thinkin' ever' minit 'd be our last."

"You needn't talk to me no more 'bout ownin' my own lan'," says Hank to me, like as if I was to blame. 'Ef eveh I git out o' here alive I'm a-goin' back satisfied to be a renter all my bohn days."

"An' I 'lowed to him 't I knowed when I'd got enough, too."

"I neveh see anything so plum redic'us. I 'lowed shore my hair'd be white by mornin', like Lady Ethel's in 'The Earl's Mad Love,' when she's shut up all night in the ha'nted tower."

"That pistol-poppin' kep' up all night. When we couldn't hear it no more we crope up on top o' the rise, but couldn't see nobody; but there was that kag o' water, an' my sun-bonnet 't I'd hung on it, riddled full o' holes, an' the water leaked out on the ground. But my little hand-satchel bag, with a bottle o' Blogetty Oil in it, wa'n't touched. I was mortual glad o' that, fer I'd fetched it to keep off malar'y. We didn't wait fer nothin'. We hitched up ole Jule an' racked right out tow'ds Cal'well."

"Then we thought about the young woman. It was jes' a-gittin' good light when we went past her claim, an' we see her a-layin' on her piled-up bed o' tum'le-weed, with her bike layin' 'longside o' her."

"Somehow, the way she was a-layin' made my blood run cold agin. An' lord, Mis' Eames, when we got up clost we see she was dead! Yessum, dead, with her face turned up to the sky, an' the blood from a hole in her th'out a-soakin' the blanket under her."

"Great lord, Ellinory!" says Hank to me, 'this is awful!'

"It's wuss," I says; 'it's plum redic'us.'

"When we saw that we couldn't do nothin' we tore out agin fer Cal'well an' went to that hotel-keeper an' told him about that young woman. An' what d'ye think? Her man an' his father had got on to it that she was there, an' had follered her. Seems like the young man had sort o' repented, and when we told him the news he raved like crazy. I thought it was a mighty pore time to expe'ience a change o' heart, atter his wife was fowelly murdered, an' I jes' tole him so."

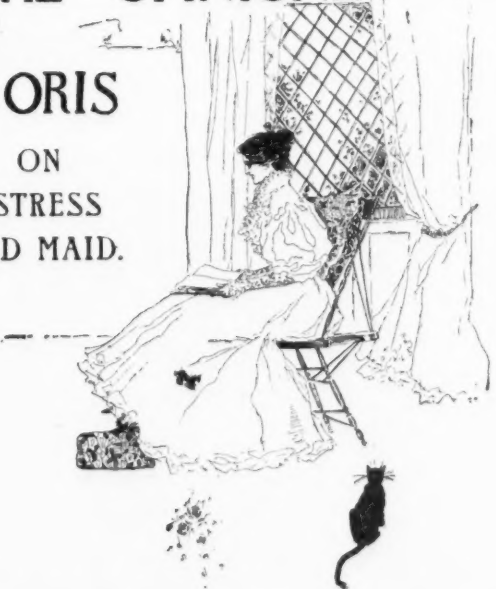
"They fetched the corpse in that very mornin' an' he got the finest coffin in Cal'well—much good that would do her."

"When they put the box on the train to carry her back an' bury her in the famby burryin'-ground he took on plum redic'us."

"Me an' Hank got a chance to stay at Cal'well for a spell. The hotel-keeper's wife wanted a woman to help in the kitchen, an' Hank got a job at a dollar an' two bits a day, helpin' a man put in his crap. Ye see, the chillun had wrote that they'd already got in a good crap o' cohn, an' it is good—'ll fetch sixty bushel to the acre ef it 'll fetch a year."

"So we air back, with sixty-five dollars more'n we tuk with us, an' lots of expe'ience. I 'low to lay out some o' that money 't I peeled pertaters fer, in a dozen bottles o' this 'ere new *specifice* fer kidney trouble."

## THE OPINIONS of DORIS ON MISTRESS AND MAID.



"AND what is your new girl's name?" my neighbor asked, as we lingered over the five-o'clock tea-cups.

"Her name is Gertrude."

"Do you think she will live up to it?"

"She may. I never knew a Gertrude who did, outside of a novel. And I asked her her name and began to call her by it at once, as if I had a perfect right to do so."

"My dear, hadn't you?"

"No real right, of course; only the right of impertinent custom. Think how I would have stared if she had asked me my name and then proceeded to call me 'Doris'?"

My neighbor herself stared for a moment or two.

"But they are not parallel cases."

"Exactly parallel. Gertrude Anderson gives me her services for what we call a sufficient compensation, though she knows, and I know, that the benefit is largely on my side, but this places our relationship on a purely business foundation. There is noth-



ing in me that entitles me to any service from any human being, except that for which I can give an equivalent. So, while I pay Gertrude we stand on equal grounds, and if I were really a lady I would call her Miss Anderson."

"Ah, that theory is very nice, but it would never work; servants, as a class, are too presuming."

"It is the 'class' feeling that makes them so—our attitude of placing ourselves above them. Nature has not placed us there. We are all God's women, and while I might be able to teach my housemaid to play a sonata, she might, in return, give me lessons in some far higher grace. I know the woman grandest in Christian virtues who ever came into my life was a little Irish washerwoman, with a face like a saint and a soul to match it. When she told me the history of her early days I felt that I could sit at her feet and learn to be noble. And she did not know the greatness of the life she unfolded before me! She spoke deprecatingly—'ashamed to trouble me with her troubles.' She did not realize that she had taught me a lesson in courage, in loving kindness—yes, in sublimity of soul, that has helped me to be a better woman ever since."

"Well, you will certainly admit that she was the exception to the rule?"

"Just as a specially high-minded woman is the exception to the rule in what we call 'our class.' Not long ago I met, at a woman's club of æsthetic tendencies, half a dozen women whom I knew well, and who employed each from one to four servants. One of these 'mistresses,' before her fortunate marriage, had made sheets on a sewing-machine for a dollar and a half a dozen. Another had walked through snow and rain, ill-fed and ill-clad, to sing in the chorus of an opera. Another had waited in a restaurant where only men resorted—men who smoked in her presence and talked slang, and perhaps language less permissible occasionally. Another had spent the best years of her life behind a counter, selling goods to the multitude. Not one of these women had had the advantages of education. Two of them could not write nor word an ordinary letter with perfect correctness; yet these were the women who talked of servants as 'a class,' creatures by nature 'inferior'—not to be considered as beings on the same plane with us."

Suddenly I bethought myself of my neighbor. She was biting her lip and her cheek was flushed. Perhaps she, too, had been the servant of another, before she reached the luxury of having servants of her own. But I could not stop; I rushed on.

"I do not think any one will deny that it is the command of money to pay for service which constitutes, in most cases, the 'superiority' of the mistress to the servant. We hear so often, 'Oh, that up stairs or down-stairs girl of mine is such a trial! she is so quick-tempered, she is so vain, or indolent, or forgetful, or stupid, or impertinent, or impatient.'"

"But that is the truth," I was here interrupted, warmly. "Every housekeeper knows, to her sorrow, the variety of faults she must contend with in her help."

"Yet let us not suppose that our up-stairs girls and our down-stairs girls are not fully aware of our faults and failings, of our tempers and vanities, our shortcomings and weaknesses. Being women, we are known of women. We cannot pose with our own sex as anything but what we are. That is why the

relations between mistress and maid are so strained, so false, so wrong! And suppose one of these very servants whose faults are so discussed and deplored by her mistress should leave service and return in a week or so in her liveried carriage, with her own servants, footman, and coachman, no better woman and no worse, only blessed suddenly with a million or more of dollars, would the mistress dismiss her from her door unrecognized? Would she not press her hand warmly and congratulate her, and return her call?"

"You have such strange ideas!" my neighbor said, smilingly, and began to put on her bonnet. That was the last time we drank afternoon tea together. I learned subsequently that she had been nursery governess to the nieces of the rich old bachelor whom she had married.

### Buckwheat-cakes and Ice-water.

SOME HOT AND COLD IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK,  
BY A LONDONER.

HAD the initial stage of existence been ordered under different circumstances, and I had been given the choice of a birth-place, I might have elected to be born an American citizen—somewhere outside of New York. For what is one to say of a city that will not permit you to carry pickles through the streets on the seventh day, nor allow you to kiss your best girl on the sidewalk on any of the others? I might not want at any period of life to do either one or the other of these proscribed acts, yet if it should happen that I did I should hate to call my own that city which forbade me.

Indeed, the niceties of life in New York have been somewhat of a puzzle to me. I have not been permitted to smoke a cigarette whilst walking along Fifth Avenue with a lady, but I have been allowed to take her to the theatre and occupy a front seat in the stalls without donning evening dress—a thing no lady would tolerate in London.

Spanish cities are famous for their noises, but New York I found to be noiser than any three of them. My nerves were at a tension during the whole of my visit. It is not an unceasing, distant rumble that soon becomes no discomfort, as in London, but a succession of jarring, jerky noises, distracting to the senses. Why you tolerate it I cannot understand. What with cable-cars, the "L" railroad, the cabs and carts rattling over roadways with no pretense at paving, and the thousand and one street-cries, New York is a perfect inferno of clamor.

In-doors I find another curious thing—curious, you must remember, to the Englishman. You heat your houses to suffocation, and then drink gallons of iced water to keep cool—to the ruin of your digestion, temper, and nerves, until you have become the most dyspeptic people under the sun and the special prey of the quack-medicine venders. You claim to be a sensible people, and yet your candy-stores are filled every day by crowds of struggling women who eat indigestible pastry to such an extent that the graveyards of America contain more tons of gold than of teeth.

The New York man does not hustle as much as you would have others believe. In fact, you don't work, man for man, so hard as the Englishman. But you think quicker and larger, and

you think more than you work. You have a great idea, tire of it half-way through because another greater idea has come to you, and leave your subordinates to work out the minor details of the first scheme, with the result that it is never wholly finished. The average Englishman will see the thing through from beginning to end, and give his whole attention to the smallest detail. Yours is a city of diversified thought and aspirations. The one thing in which you seem to have a common mind is that you should wear a crease down the front of an old pair of trousers.

That which most charmed me was the American girl. If the modern code of morality permitted—and she were willing—I would always have a dozen or two of the American girls about the house, just as in the old days the barons had their jesters; for, granting the dictum that a cheerful mind conduces to longevity, it would mean a longer span of existence to me. I love her chatter and her boisterous laughter. I admire her originality and her good sense. She is more French than English, with a more robust constitution than the Frenchwoman and a broader temperament than the English girl. She is a pal and a chum, as we English say, as distinct from a companion, and she seems as much at home in the smoking-room as in the drawing-room. As a wife she would equal the English girl, but as a mother would fall far short.

There have been times when I have been afraid of her, which was perhaps only natural in one who comes from a country where a man dare not ride alone in a railway-carriage with a strange woman. It was at the beginning, however, when I did not know her so well, and mistook her natural liveliness of spirits for hysterics. Again, there have been times when I—well, it was when, after five minutes' acquaintanceship, a young girl, who has a State full of admirers at her feet, wished to tell me something, and, reaching across the table, took me by the hand and prefaced her remarks with "My dear." I knew not then that this was a mere commonplace act and expression with you; indeed, I will be candid and admit I wished to know nothing beyond one fact as it existed.

Still it was one of the many little things I noticed that made me like the American girl. She is a man's girl, take the man from what country you will; and this is the result, I suppose, of her higher independence. With all her freedom of speech, with all her disregard for conventionalities, I failed to discover that her name suffered in any one respect as an outcome of it, and I can only conclude that if her manners are lighter and easier than those of her English cousin, her fame is not. I should be sorry to think I was mistaken.

As to you generally, you are the kindest and most hospitable people on the face of the earth. This I say without reservation, and every Englishman who has visited your shores will bear me out in my statement. You never seem to tire of extending to him civilities and courtesies such as overwhelm a sensitive man, whether it is in showing with just pride the wonders and resources of your great country, or spending your dollars or your time in his service. To one gentleman, who would not wish me to identify him by name, I owe a deep debt of gratitude for all he did for me—a stranger—and his, I believe, was a spirit that pervades you all.



A MAY-DAY PARTY IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPH BY BURTON.

May-Day royalty divides with the cyclists the ruling of the domain of Central Park, these green and flowery spring days. It is May-Day until the first of June. Every May-party, even though it consist of but one boy and one girl, has its king and queen, whose sceptre is the garlanded May-pole, with ribbons gayly streaming. What delightful splashes of color these little groups make, in the sunlight sifted through the trees, and against the deep emerald of the grassy lawns!





THE CHARITY FETE AT ITS HEIGHT, JUST BEFORE THE FIRE BROKE OUT.



SEARCHING THE RUINS FOR JEWELRY AND OTHER RELICS, AS A



BEFORE THE FIRE—INTERIOR OF THE CHARITY BAZAAR, SHOWING THE DECORATIONS, OF LIGHT AND INFLAMMABLE MATERIAL, WITH WHICH THE PLACE WAS FILLED.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS, FROM THE RUE JEAN GOUJON, TWO HOURS AFTER THE DISASTER.



CHARRED BODIES OF VICTIMS IN THE RUINS, AFTER THE FLAMES WERE SUBDUED.

## THE TERRIBLE DISASTER IN PARIS, MAY 4th—BURNING OF THE CHARITY BAZAAR IN THE R

PICTURES FROM L'ILLUSTRATION, PAR

The awful disaster which has thrown Paris in mourning, and aroused the deepest sympathy throughout the world, occurred at half-past four in the afternoon, May 4th. A city fair, in the Champs Elysées quarter, adjacent to the Exposition grounds. The plan of the bazaar was "a street in old Paris," the old buildings being represented in painted canvas, stood over light them ladies, and all belonging to the upper ranks of Parisian society, were in the bazaar at the fatal moment, when the explosion of a lamp set fire to what was literally a vast tinderbox. Great s aware of only one exit—the front, by which they had come. In twenty minutes all was over. The bazaar had burned like straw, leaving nothing but a ghastly heap of débris, from which were





OTHER RELICS, AS A MEANS OF IDENTIFYING THE DEAD.



BETWEEN THE WALL AND THE FURNACE—THE CROWD HEMMED IN AT THE REAR OF THE BURNING BAZAAR.



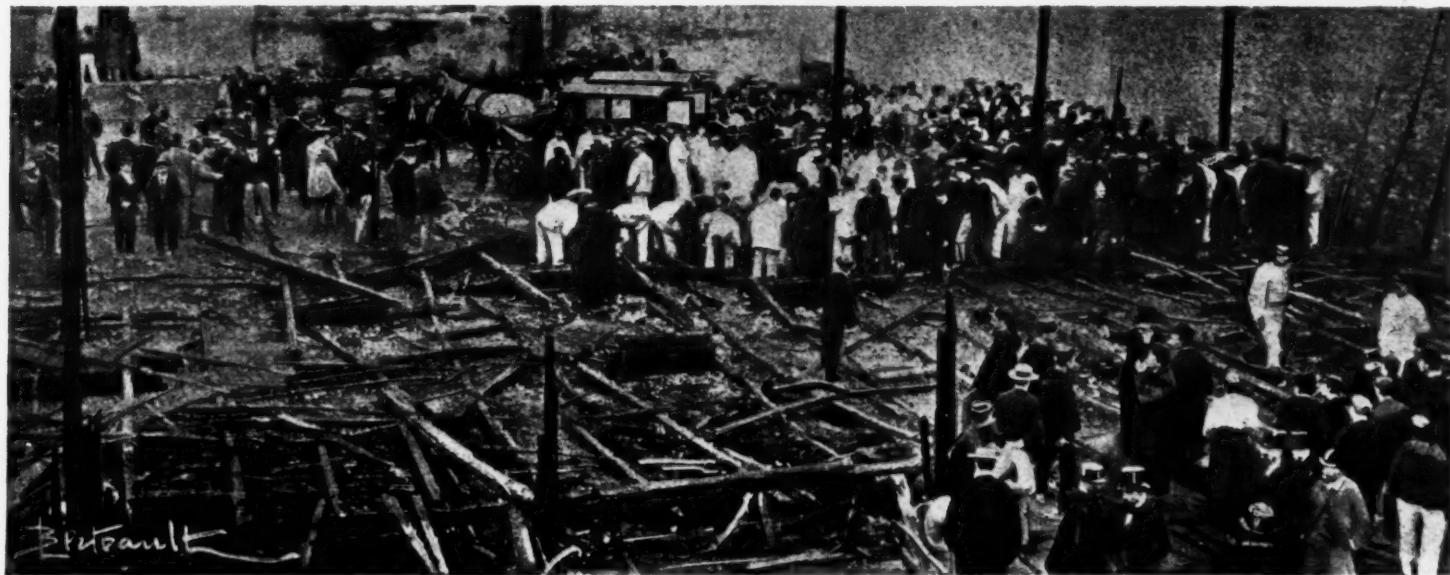
FLAMES WERE SUBDUED.



THE DUCHESS D'ALENÇON, PATRONESS OF THE FAIR, AND ONE OF THE VICTIMS.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE BAZAAR, PHOTOGRAPHED THE DAY BEFORE THE FETE.



CORNER OF THE RUINS WHERE MOST OF THE BODIES WERE FOUND.

# IN THE RUE JEAN GOUJON, AT WHICH ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY LIVES WERE LOST.

LIBERATION, PARIS.

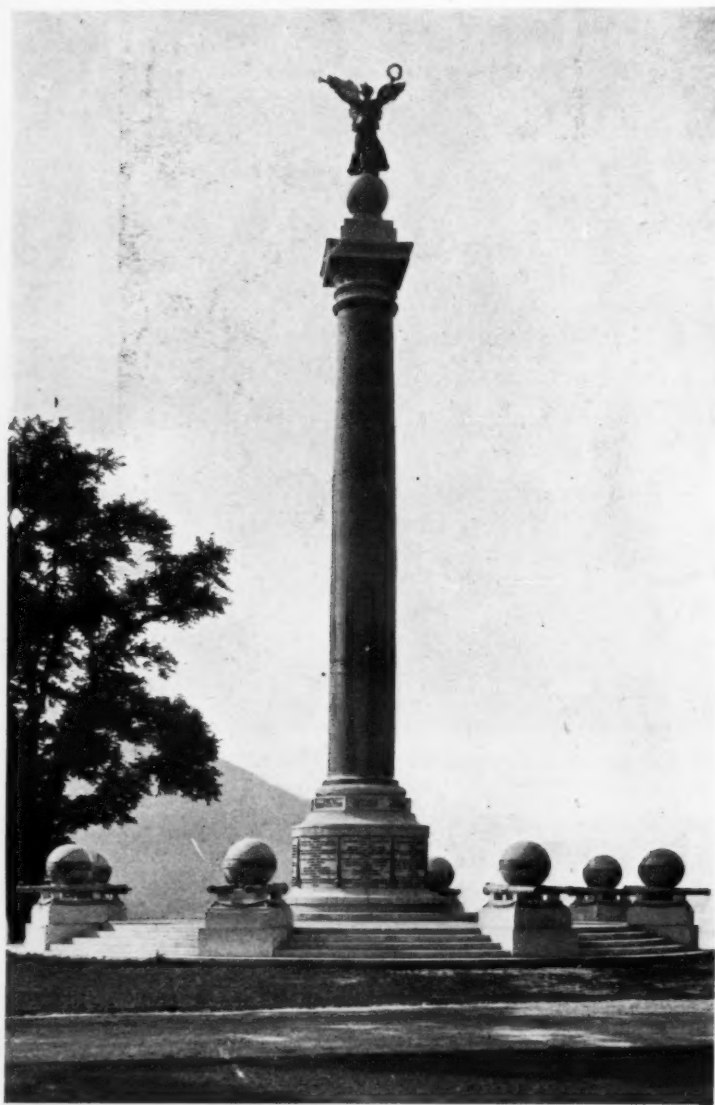
A city fair, under distinguished and fashionable patronage, was in progress, in a flimsy structure put up and decorated for the purpose, on a vacant lot in the Rue Jean Goujon, as, studded over light frames of pine wood. All the decorations were of the most inflammable material, and the roof was a tent. Probably fifteen hundred persons, the majority of tinder. Great sheets of flame swept through the place overhead, and burning debris dropped down upon the heads and shoulders of the panic-stricken crowd, most of whom were, from which were taken the charred and unrecognizable remains of more than a hundred victims.



## West Point Battle Monument.

In the fall of 1863 the officers then on duty at the United States Military Academy inaugurated a movement for the erection of a memorial to the officers and enlisted men of the regular army who fell in action or died of wounds during the war of the Rebellion. It was decided to erect a monument, "to be called the Battle Monument, upon which shall be inscribed the names of all officers of the regular army who, during the present war, shall have been killed, or died of wounds received in the field, and which shall also contain a tablet dedicated to the memory of all enlisted men who shall have fallen under like circumstances."

Subscriptions were solicited, and by June, 1864, the fund amounted to about twelve thousand dollars. Owing to intense opposition on the part of the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton,



WEST POINT BATTLE MONUMENT. —Photograph by Puck.

the project had to be abandoned. The fund was invested in government bonds, and the interest was likewise invested as fast as it accumulated. By 1890 the bonds of the fund had a market value of about sixty-three thousand dollars. In that year the idea was revived, several propositions made as to the form of the monument, and after correspondence with such of the surviving subscribers as could be found, it was decided to erect a monument.

Competitive plans were invited, and in October, 1890, a committee, of which Messrs. R. M. Hunt and Augustus St. Gaudens, of New York City, and Mr. Arthur Roach, of Boston, were members, selected that offered by McKim, Mead & White, of New York City. The figure of Fame surmounting the shaft was designed by Frederick Macmonnies. After a lapse of thirty-three years the Battle Monument has been completed, and on May 31st, 1897, it was formally unveiled with suitable ceremonies.

## Neglected Fathers.

It is only within a few years that attention has been called to the fact that the laurels of literature, so to speak, have been awarded almost entirely to the mothers of the world. It is a good sign that recently a few feeble notes have arisen here and there in praise of that ignored class, the fathers. Heaven knows that there have been numerous unworthy sires. Undoubtedly more mothers than fathers have proved kind and faithful; but the fact remains that millions of loving, honest fathers have gone down to their graves unsung and almost unnoticed, while the universal psalm to the mother has filled the ears of the world. Thus, in one of the largest modern collections of quotations there are thirty-six which glorify the mother, while not a single one is dedicated to the father.

This oversight has been brought to mind by reading a somewhat famous account of a certain mother. No conspicuous mention of a father is made in the book until near its end. Most readers infer that he dies early in the progress of the story, but we are reminded of his continued existence ere the last page is reached. Pity for the supposed struggling widow is then transferred to her worthy husband, who has been so long buried out of sight. Through all these years he has been, we are told, a modest, God-fearing man, always alluded to his wife as

"a most uncommon woman," and evidently desiring no more notice than he received.

It is far from our design to detract in the least from the fame of the mother. She deserves all the glory that she has, and more—but are there not honor and praise enough to "go round"? Who can think of a patient, godly man like the father above-mentioned and not feel a pang of resentment that he gets so little recognition? It was he who kept the pot a-boiling through weary years. He ran up and down stairs on errands and helped in the house-work—as leaks out inadvertently in the latter part of the narrative—and received little enough applause for his faithfulness, if we may infer a postulate. He had no thought of posing as a hero, but he is one, just the same, and a pathetic old figure enough—yet he is only a type of millions of other adoring husbands and fathers, feeling the sublime superiority of the wife and mother, and willing to work their honest old fingers to the bone just for the privilege of serving such a seraphic being. Poor old fellows!

Women ought especially to stand up for the fathers. It may safely be asserted that, though the great colleges for women have come from other women, or from men who were not fathers, the first beginnings of education for girls were provided by the fathers. When a certain famous old captain in Monticello, Illinois, founded the well-known seminary there, he was much laughed at.

"That's a big barn that you are putting up, captain," remarked one jocose neighbor, who had learned with dismay that all this good money was spent for the higher education of women. "I don't know where you are going to get cattle enough to fill it."

"I have twelve daughters of my own who will learn something there, I hope," said the unflinching captain, "and they will do to start with."

Wheaton Seminary, in Massachusetts, was founded in 1835 by Judge Laban Wheaton as a memorial to a daughter, and there Mary Lyon experimented before going to Mount Holyoke.

The fathers too often bear the heat and burden of the day, unselfishly and devotedly, and little enough do they get for it in literature. In not a few families it is the father who really does more for the children than the mother, but the good results only serve to heap higher the already abundant garlands which crown the maternal brow. Where is the poet who will see that justice is done to a deserving and neglected class? A little judicious praise may spur up the whole brotherhood, who have hitherto had small motive outside their own consciences, to put forth endeavors to excel. Give the fathers a show. They have been snubbed and consigned to the dark corners of song and story altogether too long. KATE UPSON CLARK.

## Navigation on the Great Lakes.

It may surprise the majority of readers to learn that there are only four ports in the world having greater commerce by water than Chicago and Buffalo. These are London, Liverpool, Hamburg, and New York, and they are open for shipping the entire year, while navigation on the lakes is closed for four months in the winter season. The fact that the Soo Canal has far greater traffic than the Suez also strikingly demonstrates the enormous activity on the lakes. The net registered tonnage of vessels passing through the Soo Canal during a season of less than eight months in 1895 was 16,886,781, while the Suez Canal carried only 8,448,383 tons during the entire year.

Facilities for transportation and improvement in handling freight are fully commensurate with all requirements. The lake service now amounts to one-third as much as that of all

twenty-four and a half feet deep. The up-to-date lake steamer is four hundred and thirty feet long, forty-eight feet beam, and twenty-six feet deep. These ships are too large for the present channels, as they cannot be loaded to their full capacity. They are built for the twenty-one-foot channels that the government engineers propose to furnish in the near future.

The new American lock at the Soo, which was opened this season, is the largest lock in the world. Its completion marks a new era in lake navigation. About nine years ago the United States government, to whom the State of Michigan had transferred the canal system of the St. Mary's River, found that an enlargement would be an absolute necessity. Work on the canal was begun shortly afterwards. The site was the old State docks. The estimated cost was \$4,738,865. General Poe superintended the work, and the lock was almost finished at the time of his death last fall.

The new lock is twice as big as the old one. It is eight hundred feet long between the gates, and these are double, so in case of any damage to one the other may be used. It is one hundred feet wide, and twenty-one feet deeper than the mean level of the river, as it will admit a ship drawing twenty-one feet of water over the lower sill.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller is having built, at the Globe Iron Works, of Cleveland, Ohio, the finest fleet of freight steamers in the world. They are named in honor of celebrated scientists who have in different ways developed the progress of the iron industry. Iron ore from the Lake Superior mines is the cargo they are to haul. These boats are built entirely of steel, the only wood being the cabin trimming, and as little of such as possible.

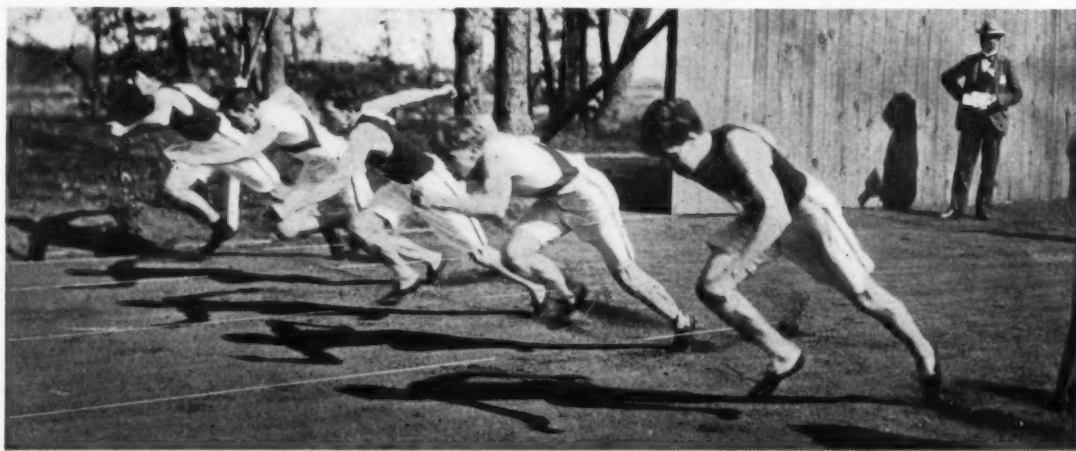
The lake sailor is an unsalted salt, and a distinct type from the ocean tar. He is even capable of looking askance upon his ocean colleague, whom he regards as having much the easier task to perform. The lake sailor will tell you that it is more difficult to sail a ship through the chain of lakes than to cross the ocean.

A cruise from Buffalo to Duluth comprises a thousand miles, and offers a panorama of beautiful scenery as well as affording an opportunity to view the development of the great Northwest. Ultimately the ambition of the people must be realized, namely, that of reaching the Atlantic, either by the St. Lawrence or the Hudson, so that ships loaded with cargoes from the heart of this continent may be sent to any seaport in the world.

The area of the great lakes is two hundred and seventy thousand square miles, bordering on eight States with twenty-six million population. On the lakes are six cities having a population exceeding one hundred thousand. The capital invested in mining and transporting by lake and rail in the lake mining country was \$175,394,985 on July 1st, 1892. (Figures given in the *Marine Review*.)

## Starting in a Sprint-race.

PERHAPS the most remarkable, as well as the prettiest, feature of the Harvard-Yale track and field games at New Haven, Saturday afternoon, May 15th, was the first trial heat of the one-hundred-yards dash, wherein five runners toed the scratch, and, at the crack of the starter's pistol, five men sprang forward as one man. It is not infrequently that we witness in a "two-man contest" both athletes getting off with honors even; but when five start it is the rule for some particularly gifted sprinter to steal a yard or so on his opponents at the very first jump. Where short-distance runners are at all evenly matched it is a matter of the greatest importance that a good start be made, and for this reason many more practice starts than sprints are made during the preliminary training. In fact, some of the speediest men America has produced have required years, almost, to eradicate a weakness to hang over the line, thus forcing them to superhuman effort to win in the last few yards of the race. To obtain the best results in this important detail of sprint-running, the aspirant for honors must not only strive to make his muscles respond spasmodically at the instant the pistol goes off, but respond the fraction of a second before. Indeed, many a one-hundred-yards race on which an important championship rested has been won by this steal of a yard, perhaps less, at the start. In our illustration the Yale man in the right of the picture is seen to be just a trifle to the fore, his left foot having left the ground while the lefts of all the others are still in the cinders. And this Yale man won the race! This was an exceptionally fine start, even though the Yale man did get a trifle of an advantage; but in all probability the picture here presented is more remarkable



STARTING IN THE ONE-HUNDRED-YARDS DASH—YALE-HARVARD.—Photograph by Burton.

the railways in the United States combined. The ton-mileage movement of freight upon the lakes last year was 26,500,000,000, while the railway ton-mileage was 22,250,000,000.

The construction of lake vessels has undergone radical changes, of late years. A few years ago the regulation lake vessel was about three hundred feet long, forty feet beam, and

for its accuracy and spirit than the start was exceptional. Such photographic representations are more frequently than not quite dead and seem unreal, but in this instance the camera has done its duty with a faithfulness which includes the action, and the men really seem to move.

W. T. B.





The New St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans.

By inadvertence, in a recent issue where we treated of picturesque New Orleans, we alluded to the old-time poor hotel accommodations as though the old St. Charles Hotel was still in existence. As a matter of fact the old St. Charles in New Orleans was entirely destroyed by fire several years ago, and upon its site a new hotel, the "New St. Charles," was built about two years ago in accordance with the most modern ideas of hotel construction. It is furnished and kept in a manner which entitles it to be classed among the first hostleries of this country. It is fire-proof in every particular, and the best evidence of this is the fact that neither its owners nor lessees carry one dollar of insurance on the building or anything in it. It is leased and managed by Mr. A. R. Blakely, formerly of the Windsor, New York. He enjoys, and very justly so, the reputation of being one of the best, as well as most popular, hotel proprietors in the United States. Since his assumption of the management of this fine hotel, in America's most picturesque city, he has added to the reputation he enjoyed prior thereto, and this is shown by the complimentary expressions daily heard upon the streets of New Orleans by people who have been his guests. A good hotel is an indispensable possession for a progressive and up-to-date city.

### The Penny Provident Fund.

THE Penny Provident Fund has recently published its seventh annual report, and everybody who has ever heard of the Fund may be counted on to take an interest in its latest account of itself, and more than ever before there is reason for the considerable number of respectable citizens who never heard of it to wake up to the doings of one of the foremost benevolent institutions of this country. The Fund is this not only because of its actual work, but because there is no limit to its possible growth, and because it is peculiar in being one benevolent institution that is perfectly sure to do a great deal more good than harm; some harm is possible from any human activity, but in considering the Fund you don't have to make a careful study to strike a balance and prove that the good predominates; the balance is overwhelmingly in its favor.

The Fund is a scheme for inducing people to make small savings, and a wonderfully successful scheme, too; for nearly every cent of the many thousands of dollars passing through its hands represents the thrift of people who would not have saved a cent but for its ministrations. It is founded on a "stamp system," somewhat similar to those in use in the postal-savings systems of England and France. The depositor buys stamps of course, not government stamps here) for his money, and when he wants his money back he presents his stamps—they are pasted on cards arranged for the purpose—they are canceled and he receives his cash.

The Fund was started chiefly for the benefit of children, and the stamps have proved a wonderful attraction and interest to them, as well as admirably convenient, and a perfect device for reducing the necessary book-keeping to the minimum.

The work grew out of certain demands that used constantly to be made on the Friendly Visitors of the Charity Organization Society in New York City. Poor people, men, women, and children, were constantly asking the visitors to keep ten cents, or fifty cents, or some other such little sum for them; they had no place where they could lock it up, or they were afraid of spending it, or, worse still, they were afraid some drunken member of the family would get hold of it and spend it.

Not only were the sums frequently too small for a savings-bank to accept, but the people were terribly out of conceit with savings-banks; so many failures among them had created a distrust that was undermining the frugal tendencies of thousands of people. All this started Mr. Otto T. Bannard to thinking about some way of helping these people to save; particularly he felt that if children could be taught to save, a big thing in their education would be accomplished. He studied out his plan, and Mr. Abram S. Hewitt and a dozen other gentlemen pledged themselves to support it. Miss Marian Messemmer—a most important acquisition—became secretary, cashier, and general propagandist, and the Fund was founded.

The work is carried on by stations, and anybody, anywhere, can open a station by simply establishing his responsibility and depositing money for stamps at the central station; stamps and cards for pasting them on will then be furnished. The stamps are in denominations running from one cent to one dollar, and are pasted on the card when bought; so pasted, they are less likely to be lost, and are also less likely to be used as a purchasing power among small tradesmen.

The Fund has now three hundred and twenty-one stations

scattered all over the country from Savannah to Boston, and even up in Montreal, and spreads its net westward as far as Denver. It has fifty-odd thousand depositors, more than thirty thousand dollars in deposits on hand, and during its last year it received and paid out again more than sixty-seven thousand dollars. It is not the idea of its managers to encourage long accounts nor big deposits; they do not wish to take in hand the functions of the savings-banks, but to supplement them. The Fund does not pay interest, and depositors are always encouraged to take their account to a savings-bank as soon as it is worth while. Sometimes some one won't accept this advice; a Brooklyn workingman who wanted to save to go back and visit his old mother in Ireland, deposited with the Fund till he got together two hundred and fifty dollars, and would have nothing to do with any bank; but the case generally works so differently that several savings-banks have established a Penny Provident station on their own precincts, and on certain days these are open for the reception of any sum from one cent up. Of course the banks get the benefit of most such accounts when they grow up, so to speak.

The work of the Fund is full of "contemporaneous human interest," and touching and interesting little histories are continually coming to light. A lady in Rochester, New York, has a station in connection with a mothers' meeting; recently, she was confined to her house for several weeks by illness, and the station, of course, was closed; but the poor women kept coming to her house, begging her to take care of their pennies, because if she didn't they would spend them, or the husband would take them for drink, or they would get lost or stolen, till at last, ill as she was, she sent for her stamps and cards and arranged for their savings to be saved.

The central station is at the corner of Twenty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, New York City, and in this neighborhood are a number of large banks. An odd thing to be seen there is that numbers of bank-clerks go in to make deposits—that is, buy stamps. They say it is so much easier to do and to undo than it is to put money in the bank and get it out again. One of the depositors there is a newspaper man who often deposits seventy or eighty dollars in the month, and at the end of the month draws his money and puts most of it regularly in a savings-bank. He says he never before saved a dollar in his life.

A significant enmity to the Fund is shown by the small candy-venders in poor neighborhoods. Sometimes they send emissaries to meet the children as they go to make deposits, and tell them they will never get their money back; that the Fund is a "skin-game." The amount of money spent by children in sweets in the poorest city neighborhoods is calculated to startle any one unacquainted with the amazing improvidence of the very poor, and when a station gets a hold in such a place the decline in such unwholesome purchases is astonishing. Depositors are encouraged to save for particular purposes, and already little tots who have learned foresight by suffering are putting by pennies to buy warm clothes for next winter. Of course now no one is so poor that he may not think of saving to "buy a bike," and saving to have teeth filled and to have the graves of relatives cared for are two of the most usual ends.

One lady, Miss Louisa Morgan, pays an agent to open stations for her once a week in a number of New York's large retail shops, the managers thereof encouraging the scheme, and the

shop-girls become enthusiastic savers. Many of them are saving now to go away during their vacations.

Working-girls' and boys' clubs all over the country have stations, many churches open them in connection with their work, fifteen of the New York public schools have teachers who self-sacrificingly add the selling of stamps to their labors, as they are encouraged to do by the Board of Education; and in New Rochelle, New York, the work of the Fund has recently been made a part of the regular public-school routine.

The management of the Fund is such as to put its financial standing on a par with the Bank of England—the usual synonym for soundness—and last year, despite the bad business conditions of the country and the fact that the average account of the depositor is about fifty-nine cents, only one thousand and sixty-nine dollars in donations was needed to meet expenses.

VIOLA ROSEBORO.

### Boney's Blossoms.

HE hobbled to the churchyard gate  
With feeble steps and slow,  
Above his black and wrinkled face  
The wool was white as snow.  
The fluttering remnants of his rags  
By mocking winds were fanned,  
And little blossoms from the woods  
Were in his trembling hands.

Oh, poor old Boney, as he passed,  
Was met with many a sneer!  
They jeered him for his rimless hat,  
His figure quaint and queer;  
But meek, as if he heard them not,  
He kept upon his way.  
And halted where a tiny flag  
Proclaimed a soldier's clay.

Then every eye was blurred with tears,  
And every head was bare,  
For, kneeling by the lettered stone,  
He laid the blossoms there,  
And some around that humble head  
A glory seemed to see—  
The nimbus of the soldier's soul  
Who died to set him free.

MINNA IRVING.

### The Sennerin.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

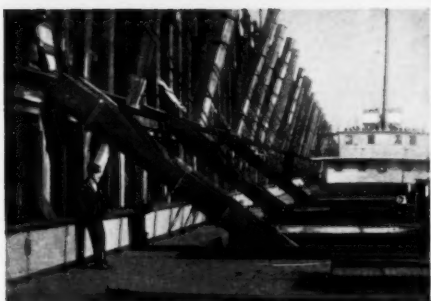
INNSBRUCK, May 20th, 1897.—How few of us know as yet the delightful parts on this Continent where Nature appears in all her supreme majesty, and laughs at man's puny affairs. For hours, aye! time and again I have sat on the balcony of the Hotel Tyrol and admired the snow-capped mountains which encompass this charming city, in the very heart of the "White Hills." Like hoary sentinels these giants keep eternal watch over this hardy little mountain race which has stood the test of time, and conquered. It never rains but it pours, and it never blows but it roars through these mountain passes. Whilst the poor Sennerin seeks shelter behind some hoary rock, and the fearless shepherd clings to the trunk of a giant tree, I sit sheltered in this romantic valley of the Inn, surrounded by every modern comfort of this sumptuous hotel. We know nothing of the severity which rages in the Dolomitic Cañons, or the gambling storm playing hide-and-seek along the Brenner. We are under the roof of Herr Landsee, who is not only an ideal hotelier, but the leader of this generation, as Andreas Hofer was generations ago. Herr Landsee has elevated his countrymen as few others have, by carrying Tyrol's reputation abroad, and farther than has any of his predecessors. It is but just to say that in two decades he has not only raised Innsbruck to its present eminence, but by original methods he has attracted English and Americans to Tyrol, and opened wide its mountain vistas to the general tourist. With truly prophetic discernment he has erected this palatial Hotel in the very heart of this Alpine region, where the most delicate invalid may enjoy all the comforts of New York, or Paris.

DEWEY.

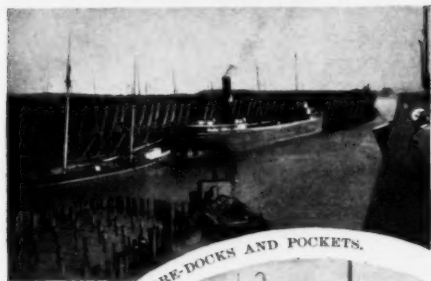




THE CAR-DUMPING MACHINE.



LOADING A STEAMER WITH ORE.



ORE-DOCKS AND POCKETS.



LAKE STEAMER ENGINE-ROOM.



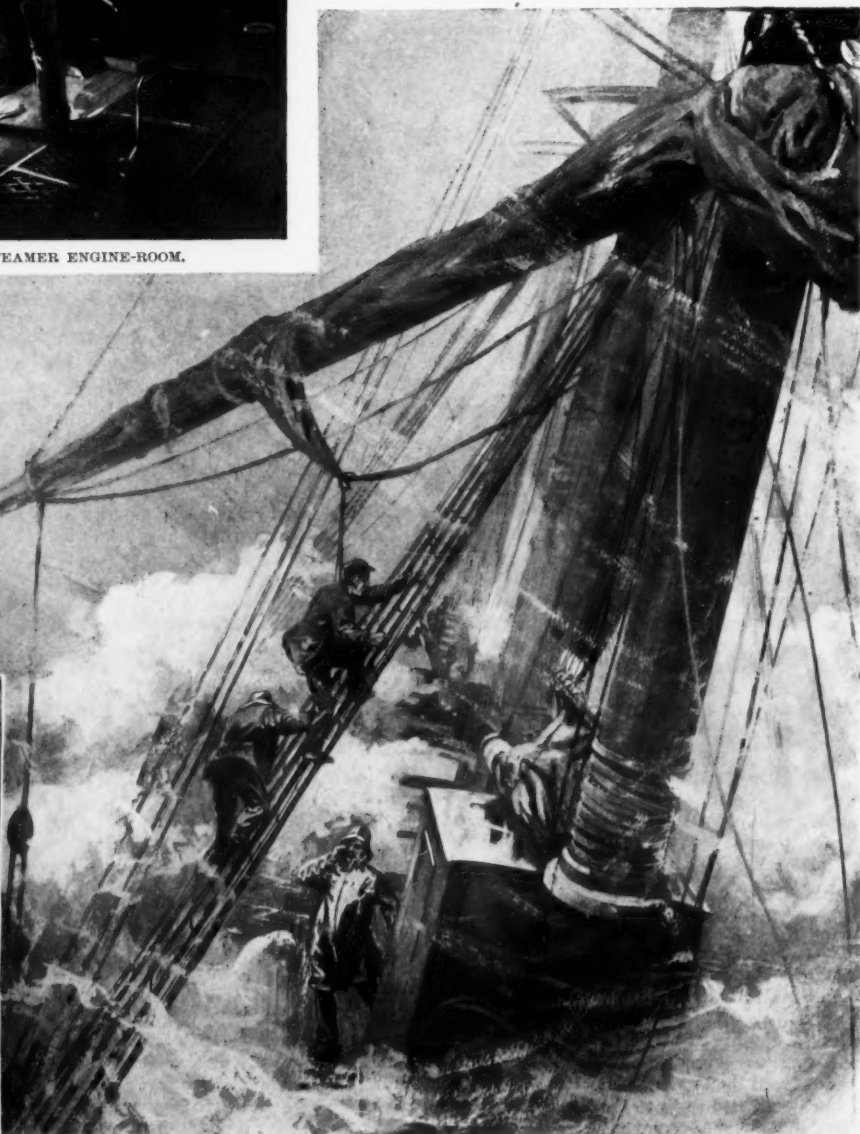
ENCAMPMENT, ST. MARY'S RIVER.



WHALE-BACK AND CONSORT IN LOCK.



ENTRANCE TO MARGUERITE HARBOR.



SPRING WEATHER ON LAKE HURON.

# OPENING OF NAVIGATION ON THE GREAT LAKES.

[SEE PAGE 308.]



**YOUR** father made cocktails with Abbott's Angostura Bitters. You make them now. The Bitters are the same. Druggists, grocers.

THE musician or artist who buys a Sohmer Piano gets an instrument that is a work of art, and the result of many years' hard study and labor.

#### THE SECOND SUMMER,

many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.

WHEN you open wine see that it's GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE—there's delight in every drop.

DR. SIEGERT'S Angostura Bitters make health, rosy cheeks, and happiness.

**Advice to Mothers:** MRS. WINN'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

SET of twelve Portfolios, sixteen full-page photos each thirteen and one half by eleven, one hundred and ninety-two pages in all; subject, "Beautiful Paris"; edition cost one hundred thousand dollars; given absolutely free, with beautiful case, by Dobbins Soap Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to their customers. Write for particulars.

## Free to Every Man.

### THE METHOD OF A GREAT TREATMENT.

WHICH CURED HIM AFTER EVERYTHING ELSE FAILED.

Painful diseases are bad enough, but when a man is slowly wasting away with nervous weakness the mental forebodings are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let-up to the mental suffering day or night. Sleep is almost impossible, and under such a strain men are scarcely responsible for what they do. For years the writer rolled and tossed on the troubled sea of sexual weakness until it was a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all his troubles. But providential inspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of medicines that not only completely restored the general health, but enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor, and he now declares that any man who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have the method of this wonderful treatment free. Now when I say free I mean absolutely without cost, because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience.

I am not a philanthropist, nor do I pose as an enthusiast; but there are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Do not try to study out how I can afford to pay the few postage-stamps necessary to mail the information, but send for it, and learn that there are a few things on earth that, although they cost nothing to get, they are worth a fortune to some men and mean a lifetime of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box 529, Kalamazoo, Michigan, and the information will be mailed in a plain sealed envelope.

*"The KING can do no wrong"*



**MONARCH BICYCLES ARE FAULTLESS**

MONARCH CYCLE MFG CO. CHICAGO NEW YORK LONDON

### A GIFT TO SMOKERS. THE ASTOR SPECIAL CIGAR

is the best 5-cent cigar in the world. Better than most 10-cent cigars. To prove this we will, until further notice, send one box (25 cigars) for \$1.00, charges prepaid. Each box contains one coupon. Five coupons entitle holder to one valuable building lot on Long Island. Five boxes (125 cigars) and five coupons sent at one time prepaid, \$4.50. Try this cigar and you will smoke no other.

MOLLENHAUER & CO., 6 Astor House (Broadway), N. Y. City, N. Y.

### KEEP A ROOF OVER YOUR HEAD

10, 15 or 20 years without repairing it by painting it with Dixon's Silica Graphite Roof Paint, an antidote for rust and wear, proof against the elements. The best and most economical means of protecting all exposed iron, wood and brick work, from a farm tool to a railroad bridge. Covers double the surface of any other paint. A book entitled "Points about Paint" mailed free.

JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N.J.

### PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Removing dirt shouldn't be the only mission of soap—It should heal, soften, purify and sweeten the skin. **CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP** (Persian Healing) This soap is delightful for the every day toilet and bath.

Sold by druggists.

### CRAWFORD BICYCLES

Are honest and reliable, with beautiful lines and finish. **\$50** Everybody knows Crawford quality. Guaranteed for one year. Small sizes, \$45, \$40, \$35; Tandems, \$100. Send for Catalogue.

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### LONG BEACH HOTEL AND COTTAGES, Long Beach, L. I.



For particulars address **A. E. DICK, Lessee and Prop.** New York Office, to July 1st, 203 Broadway.

SPOKE TOO QUICK. PARKE—"I thought you said you had plenty of furniture to fill your new house." Lane—"That was before I moved."—Judge.

### Beeman's Pepsin Gum



Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness. All Others Are Imitations.

### BOKER'S BITTERS

A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A DELICACY IN DRINKS.

For sale in quarts and pints by leading Grocers, Liquor Dealers and Druggists.

### ROYAL WORCESTER CYCLES

have a beauty, a strength and an ease of running superior to other bicycles. Munger's genius has triumphed. \$100. Catalogues free. Worcester Cycle Mfg. Co., 17 Murray St., New York.

These are the only Tools you'll need

To repair permanently any kind of hole, big or little, in the

### DUNLOP Detachable TIRES

Dunlop Tires are FAST. Most world records have been made on them, and there is a noticeable difference to the road rider who tries them after riding some other make. The greater strength of the fabric enables a lighter, more resilient tire to stand rougher, harder work than any other, and the ease of repair gives a comfortable certainty of a safe return that adds much to the pleasure of a holiday.

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9 Cliff St., New York, Sept. 15th, 1896.

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# JUDGE'S PICTURE PUZZLES.

Here are twenty pictures. Nos. 11 to 20 represent the names of well-known towns in the United States. Nos. 21 to 30 represent names of well-known authors. We have **\$250.00** to give away to those of our readers who solve these twenty illustrations and twenty others, ten of which were published last week and ten of which are to appear next week.

## \$250 IN PRIZES.

1st Prize, - \$100.00 | 3d Prize, - \$20.00 | 5th Prize, - \$10.00 | 7th Prize, - \$10.00 | 9th Prize, - \$10.00  
2d Prize, - 50.00 | 4th Prize, - 20.00 | 6th Prize, - 10.00 | 8th Prize, - 10.00 | 10th Prize, - 10.00

A TOTAL OF \$250.00 TO BE DIVIDED BETWEEN TEN PEOPLE.



11



12



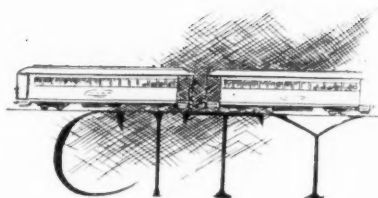
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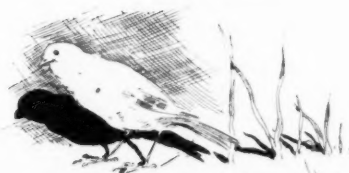
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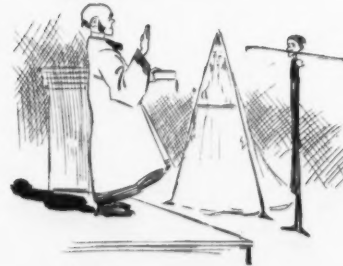
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30

Write the solution underneath each picture, cut out sheet and mail it, together with next week's set of pictures (which will be the last set), with your name and address plainly written on the bottom thereof, to the "JUDGE PRIZE-PUZZLES DEPARTMENT, 110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK." The two sheets should be fastened together in the upper left-hand corner, and must reach this office not later than June 19th; all solutions arriving later will be disqualified. Those who have missed the first set of pictures can purchase last week's LESLIE's from their news-dealer, and then all three sets can be sent in together.

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A first view of the

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Drives away thirst, dispels languor, increases your health, adds materially to the enjoyments of life. It's always ready for drinking, and those who know its benefits are always ready to drink it.

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Always Bright.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD" commencing on the 11th day of May, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision and Correction of Assessments, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the following assessments in the several Wards herein designated:

1ST WARD.—WATER ST. SEWER, between Wall St. and Gouverneur Lane.

2ND WARD.—GOLD ST. SEWER, between John and Fulton Sts.

2ND AND 4TH WARDS.—PECK SLIP AND FERRY ST. PAVING, between Pearl and South Sts.

3D WARD.—WEST ST. PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, between Chambers and Murray Sts.

12TH WARD.—BOULEVARD SEWER, east side, between 114th and 116th Sts. COLUMBUS AVE. SEWER, east side, between 107th St. and Cathedral Parkway. CONVENT AVE. SEWER, west side, between 127th and 131st Sts. 5TH AVE. SEWERS, between 138th and 140th Sts.; also, SEWER in 139th St., between 5th and Lenox Aves.; also, SEWER in 140th St., between Lenox Ave. and Harlem River.

7TH AVE. FLAGGING, east side, between 116th and 118th Sts. 86TH ST. BASIN, north side, about 275 feet east of East End Ave. 91ST ST. PAVING, from Ave. A to the bulkhead line of the East River.

95TH ST. PAVING, from 1st Ave. to the bulkhead line of the East River, and laying crosswalks.

96TH ST. PAVING, from 1st Ave. to the bulkhead line of the East River, and laying crosswalks.

98TH ST. PAVING, between 4th and 5th Aves.

100TH ST. PAVING, between Madison and 5th Aves.

105TH ST. PAVING, between the Boulevard and Riverside Drive. 107TH ST. PAVING, between Columbus and Amsterdam Aves. 108TH ST. SEWER, between Manhattan and Columbus Aves. 109TH ST. PAVING, from Central Park West to Riverside Drive (except between Manhattan and Columbus Aves.). 111TH ST. PAVING, between 5th and Lenox Aves. 111TH ST. FLAGGING AND CURBING, south side, commencing at 5th Ave. and extending eastward about 100 feet. 111TH ST. PAVING, between 7th and Manhattan Aves. 111TH ST. REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING AND FLAGGING, from Riverside Drive to Boulevard. 120TH ST. BASIN, northwest corner of Sylvan Pl. 142D ST. BASIN, between Hudson River and Boulevard. 146TH ST. PAVING, from the Boulevard to N. Y. Central and Hudson River Railroad tracks, and laying crosswalks.

147TH ST. PAVING, from the Boulevard to the N. Y. Central and Hudson River Railroad, and laying crosswalks. 158TH, 159TH AND 160TH STS. FLAGGING AND CURBING, between Amsterdam and 11th Aves. 168TH ST. BASIN, northwest corner of Amsterdam Ave. 168TH ST. BASIN, southwest corner of Amsterdam Ave. 170TH ST. SEWERS, between Amsterdam Ave. and Kingsbridge Road, with curves in 11th and Audubon Aves. ST. NICHOLAS AVE. SEWER, east side, between 137th and 141st Sts. ST. NICHOLAS TERRACE, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING AND FLAGGING, between 127th and 130th Sts. ST. NICHOLAS TERRACE REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND BUILDING RETAINING WALLS, from the south side of 130th St. to its junction with Convent Ave.

16TH WARD.—13TH AVE. PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from the north side of 16th St. to the north side of 17th St. 15TH AVE. BASINS, on the northeast and southeast corners of 17th St.

19TH WARD.—1ST AVE. SEWER, between 47th and 48th Sts. 46TH ST. CURBING AND FLAGGING, in front of Nos. 310 to 326 East 46th St. 84TH ST. FLAGGING AND CURBING, in front of No. 425 East 84th St.

2D WARD.—73D ST. BASINS, northwest and southwest corners of Amsterdam Ave. 75TH ST. SEWER, both sides, between West End Ave. and the Boulevard. 84TH ST. FENCING, south side, between Amsterdam Ave. and the Boulevard.

23D WARD.—BREMER AVE. REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from Jerome Ave. to Birch St. FULTON AVE. BASIN, southeast corner of 168th St. JEROME AVE. BASINS, on the southeast corner of 164th and 165th Sts.; also, BASINS on the northeast and southeast corners of McClellan St. MONROE AVE. SEWER, between 173d and Belmont Sts. PROSPECT AVE. BASINS, northwest corner of Dawson St. WILLOW AVE. REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, between 138th St. and the Bronx Kills. 135TH ST. REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING AND FLAGGING, from the Southern Boulevard to Locust Ave. 160TH ST. REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING AND FLAGGING, from Railroad Ave. west to Morris Ave. 167TH ST. SEWER, between Jerome and Gerard Aves. 169TH ST. SEWER, between Intervale Ave. and 167th St. 169TH ST. SEWER, from the west house line of Franklin Ave. to the summit in 169th St., east of Franklin Ave.; also, SEWER in Franklin Ave., from 169th St. to the summit north of 169th St.

23D AND 24TH WARDS.—PLIMPTON AVE. SEWER, between Boscobel Ave. and Orchard St.

24TH WARD.—LORILLARD PLACE SEWER, between Pelham Ave. and East 189th St. 176TH ST. BASINS, on the northeast and southeast corners of Jerome Ave.; also, BASIN, on the west side of Jerome Ave., opposite 176th St. 194TH ST. SEWER, between Webster and Marion Aves., with branch SEWER in Decatur Ave., extending from 194th St. to the street summit north of 194th St. 195TH ST. SEWER, between Webster and Decatur Aves., with branch SEWERS in Decatur Ave., extending from 195th St. to the summits north and south of 195th St. WEBSTER AVE. BASINS, northwest corner of 183d St., and opposite Depot Square, south.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.  
City of New York, Finance Department.—Comptroller's Office, May 17, 1897.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD" commencing on the 15th day of May, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for opening and acquiring title to the following named streets and avenues in the respective wards herein designated:

23D WARD.—GRAND VIEW PLACE, from East 167th St. to East 168th St.

23D AND 24TH WARDS.—NELSON AVENUE, from Kemp Place to Boscobel Ave.

24TH WARD.—CLIFFORD ST., from Eastchester Ave. to Bronx River. KEPLER AVE., from Eastchester Ave. to Mount Vernon Ave. ONIDA AVE., from Eastchester Ave. to Mount Vernon Ave. OPDYKE AVE., from Mount Vernon Ave. to the Bronx River. VERIO AVE., from Eastchester Ave. to the northern boundary of the City of New York.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.  
City of New York, Finance Department.—Comptroller's Office, May 18, 1897.

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MRS. HAYSEED—"I jes' can't help cryin', Matilda, when I think of my bein' confined ter ther house with the grip jes' when the first funeral we've had in Sandy Hill fer a year was comin' off."

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STANDARD TYPEWRITER

takes no liberties with its reputation.

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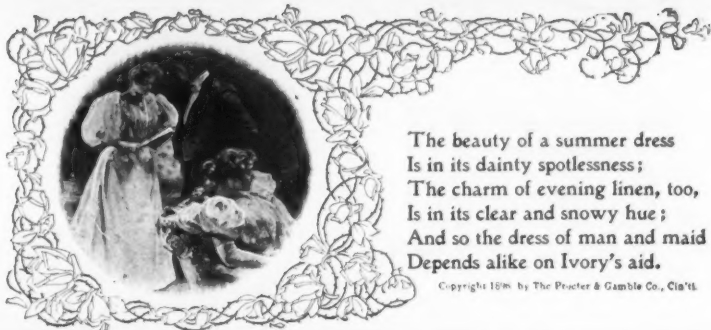
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And so the dress of man and maid  
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"Her Majesty, Empress Marie Feodorowna, finding great benefit from the use of your tonic-wine, requests 50 bottles Vin Mariani sent immediately, addressed to her Majesty the Empress."

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Are Made for Experts by Experts.  
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THE TRUE ODOR OF THE LIVING FLOWER.

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LINEN  
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BEST IN THE WORLD.

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